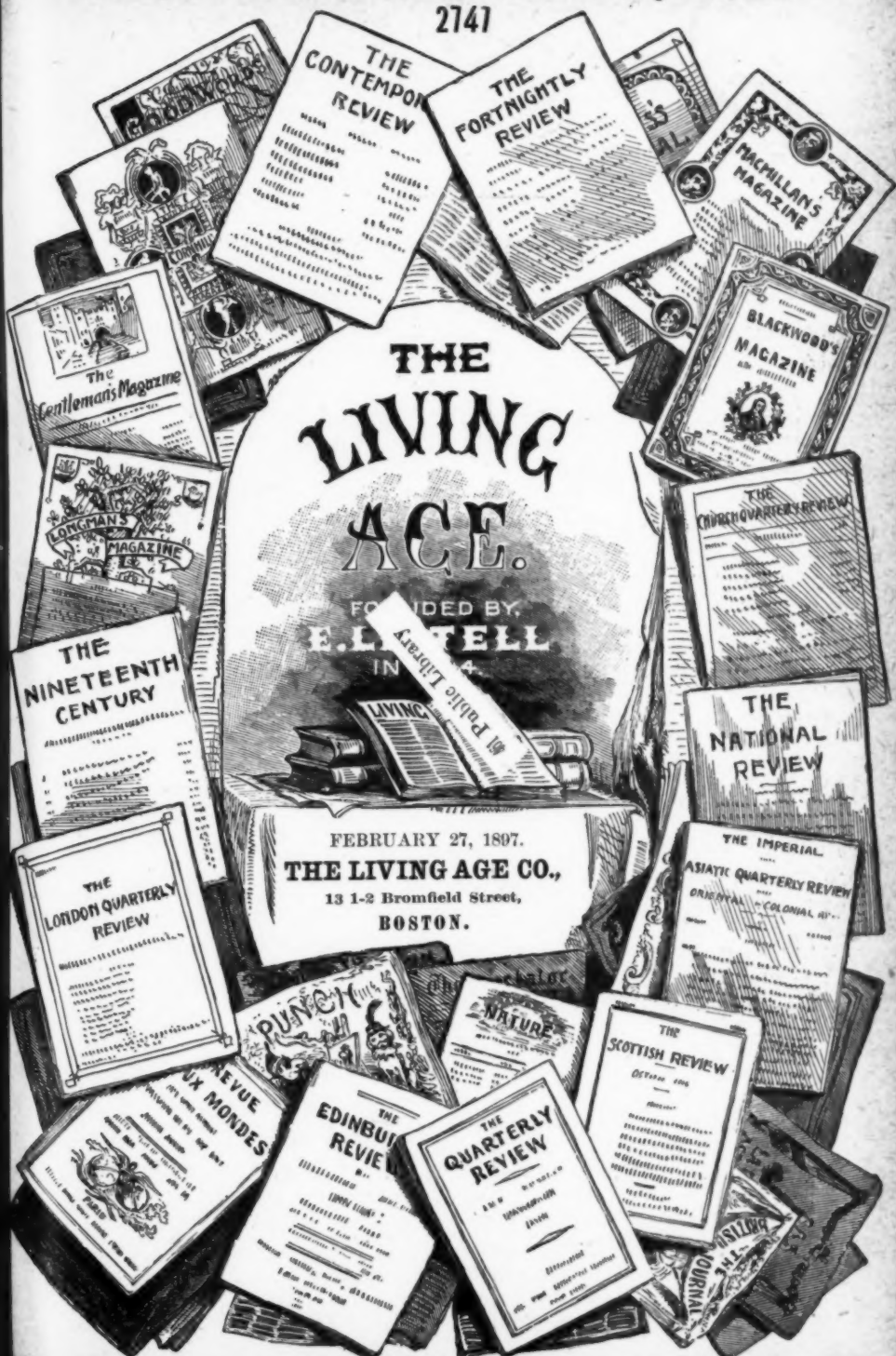


LIFE'S SECRET.—By the author of "Quo Vadis."

2747



FEBRUARY 27, 1897.
THE LIVING AGE CO.,
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APPLETONS' POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

Prospectus for 1897.

DURING the last few years science has been unusually fruitful in important and striking discoveries. Helium and argon, the electric furnace, and the X-ray are but a few of the more startling results in the physical sciences. Similarly important if less sensational advances are being made in the fields of medicine and sanitation. Students of society and politics are coming to see the necessity for a scientific study of sociology, if we are to cope successfully with the increasing difficulties of modern civilization. We have always insisted that such a study was the only one which promised any satisfactory solution of social problems, and that many of society's worst evils were due simply to ignorance of elementary scientific principles. It is very gratifying to observe the unmistakable signs of a growing acceptance of this view that have become manifest during recent years. In our issues for 1897 we shall endeavor, as heretofore, to help on this movement by giving to the general public month by month a summary, in simple words, of what is going on in the various fields of scientific research, and of the applications of the principles thus worked out.

Among the features of special interest will be a series of papers by Prof. WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY, on the Racial Geography of Europe, the subject of the last course of Lowell lectures delivered by him. The articles will be freely illustrated. DAVID A. WELLS's interesting papers on Taxation will continue, and there will be a series of carefully prepared illustrated articles on science at the universities, which is to include accounts of the leading scientific institutions and societies of the country. Education and child psychology will be given considerable space, and sanitary questions, especially in connection with household economy, will receive attention. Timely single articles may be expected from our usual contributors, among whom may be named—

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Vol. CCXII. }

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Single copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

TO KEATS.

Laughing thou said'st, 'Twere hell for
 thee to fail
 In thy vast purpose, in thy brave design,
 Ere thy young cheek, with passion's
 venom'd wine
 Flushed and grew pale, ah me! flushed and
 grew pale!

Where is thy music now? In hearts that
 pine
 O'erburdened, for the clamorous world
 too frail,
 Yet love the charmed dusk, the nightin-
 gale,
 Not for her sweet sake only, but for thine.

Thy name is writ in water, ay, 'tis writ
 As when the moon, a chill and friendless
 thing,
 Passes and writes her will upon the
 tide,
 And piles the ocean in a moving ring:
 And every stagnant bay is brimmed with
 it,
 Each mast-fringed port, each estuary
 wide.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

IN A NORMAN CHURCH.

Round yon great pillar, circlewise,
 The singers stand up two and two—
 Small lint-haired girls, from whose young
 eyes
 The grey sea looks at you.

Now heavenward the pure music wins
 With cadence soft and silvery beat;
 In flutes and subtle violins
 Are harmonies less sweet.

Through deepening dusk one just can see
 The little white-capped heads that move
 In time to lines turned rhythmically
 And starred with names of love.

Bred in no gentle silken ease,
 Trained to expect no splendid fate,
 They are but peasant children these
 Of very mean estate.

Nay is that true? to-night perhaps
 Unworldlier eyes had well-discerned
 Among those little gleaming caps
 An aureole that burned.

For once 'twas thought the gates of pearl
 Best opened to the poor that trod
 The path of the meek peasant girl
 That bore the Son of God.

VICTOR PLARR.

THE MYSTIC.

Within a squalid city-court
 A weaver rents one cellar-room;
 The neighbors' children deem it sport
 To watch the old man at his loom.

So half in daring, half in fear,
 As to and fro the shuttle flies,
 They creep down to his side and peer
 Into his unregarding eyes.

His form is famine-gaunt and bowed,
 His aged hands have lost their skill;
 But, like the moon within a cloud,
 A hidden light his soul doth fill.

It shineth through the careworn face,
 And o'er his sordid garb it flings
 The viewless mantle of a grace
 Not found in palaces of kings.

On journeys high his spirit fares,
 Of realms of sunless light is free;
 The triumph of the saints he shares,
 He stands beside the Crystal Sea;

He hears the mystic anthem tone;
 He mingles with the tearless throng
 Who meet before the Great White Throne;
 His voice uplifts the Wedding Song.

But ah! His mortal lips are sealed,
 That vision he may not declare;
 Its glories all are unrevealed
 Unto the children gazing there.

In barefoot silence as they came,
 They climb his cellar steps once more
 And soon forget him in the game
 Of shuttlecock, and battledore.

Spectator.

R. H. LAW.

From *The Cornhill Magazine*.
LIFE'S SECRET.¹

Caius Septimus Cinna was a Roman patrician. He had passed his youth in the midst of the legions, sharing their difficult life. Later, he had returned to Rome to enjoy his fame, and taste all the pleasures he could procure with his still large, though already diminished fortune.

Although not belonging to the school of sceptics, his life was one long act of scepticism. He did not understand the true Epicurean doctrine, but for that very reason he liked to proclaim himself an Epicurean. As a whole, he considered philosophy only a sort of intellectual exercise. Whenever discussions annoyed him he went to the circus to see blood flow.

He denied all faith in gods, virtue, truth, and happiness, but he believed in omens; he had his superstitions, and the mysterious religions of the East roused his curiosity.

During the first years of his worldly life it amused him to astonish Rome by his excesses, and sometimes he succeeded; later on he tired of this kind of success.

Finally he became ruined. His creditors divided the remains of his fortune and nothing was left to him but an overwhelming apathy, satiety of everything, and a curious feeling of perpetual unrest. Nothing had remained unknown to him. He had exhausted the resources of wealth, of love (such as the world then understood it), earthly joys, military glory, the fascination of danger; he had studied all within the power of man—science, poetry, and art. He could therefore only conclude that he had drawn from life all its secrets, and yet he had the feeling that there existed in reality something else, and that thing, the most important of all, had escaped him.

What was it, that which he did not know, and tried so desperately, but in vain, to discover? This besetting thought pursued him. He drove it away; it returned without fail, and his

inward trouble increased daily. He envied sceptics their unbelief, and, nevertheless, he considered them fools that they did not dare to seek after truth. In him were two men—one who laughed at his hopes of a future; the other who imperiously demanded to be satisfied.

Soon after the loss of his fortune he was enabled, thanks to family influence, to obtain employment in Alexandria. It was hoped, in the centre of wealth, he would be able to arrange his affairs. His distressing thoughts embarked with him at Brindisi and followed him during all the voyage. He told himself once in Alexandria, amongst other surroundings, distracted by his business, by a thousand new impressions, he would be cured of his fixed idea, but in this he was mistaken.

At first he tried to distract himself by adopting the kind of life he had led in Rome. Alexandria was a town of pleasure. At every step one met beautiful Grecian women with pale golden hair, and transparent skin that the Egyptian sun had darkened to an amber shade. Cinna took refuge in their society to find consolation.

But this remedy also failed, and then he contemplated suicide. Several of his companions had rid themselves of the trouble of living by this means, and for less serious motives than he could plead, simply through disgust of life, weariness of its pleasures. And how? He had only to throw himself on his sword, and if the hand that held it did not tremble, in a moment he would be no more. The thought of escaping so easily from all his troubles seized his imagination, but at the critical moment a strange dream stopped him.

He dreamed he had crossed the banks of the Styx, and that on the opposite shore he saw his own evil spirit in the shape of a slave in rags, who leaning towards him cried, "I have only preceded thee that I may seize thee again."

For the first time Cinna knew fear. He understood, by the terror that overwhelmed him, that all is not ended by

¹ An abridged version by Ella M. Tuck, by permission of the author.

death, and he shrank back horrified before the solemn mystery of the tomb. At last he decided to meet the sages who were assembled in the Serapeum. They, perhaps, might solve the mystery for him.

The chief among the sages of Alexandria was Timon of Athens, a great man and a Roman citizen. He had resided for many years in Alexandria with the object of searching into the mysteries of Egyptian science. It was said of him that there was not a document nor a papyrus in the library that he had not examined, and that he was possessed of all human knowledge. He was besides this of a kind and amiable disposition. Cinna soon discovered him among the crowd of dried-up pedants and commentators and made his acquaintance, which sympathy soon ripened into friendship. What the young Roman admired in the old man was the force of his words, the eloquence with which he discussed the highest subjects—those which treated of the destiny of man and of the world; but what struck him the most was the inexpressible sadness which pervaded all his teachings. The more they got to know each other, the greater became Cinna's wish to ask his new friend the cause of his sadness. He thirsted also to open his own heart to him. At last he decided to speak.

One evening, at the end of an animated discussion upon the transmigration of souls, they were left alone upon the terrace looking over the sea. Cinna, putting his hand in Timon's, revealed to him all the trouble that overwhelmed him, and the still unrealized hope that had induced him to join the philosophers of the Serapeum.

"I have had, nevertheless, the priceless gain of knowing thee, Timon, and I am convinced now that if thou art unable to give me comfort in my trouble it is forever incurable."

"Is it not true that for some time past thou hast not believed in the gods?" asked Timon.

"At Rome," Cinna said, "they are honored publicly, and they have even imported new ones from Asia and

Egypt; but the only people who believe in their hearts, are the vegetable sellers who come at daybreak from the country to the town."

"And do those, Cinna, possess peace?"

"Doubtless, but a peace resembling that of an animal, whose only desire is to sleep after eating."

"Truly, noble Cinna, and is life worth living for that?"

"I should say no if I knew what death would bring us."

"Well, then, what is the difference between thy doctrine and that of the sceptics?"

"The sceptics are satisfied in their unbelief—anyhow pretend to be satisfied. For me it is a martyrdom."

"And thou seest no hope?"

Cinna was silent a moment, then he said hesitatingly:—

"I wait for it."

"And from whence will it come?"

"I know not."

He hid his face in his hands and, as if soothed by the silence of the twilight, he began again to speak in a dreamy voice.

"It is a strange impression, but I have often said to myself that, if the world did not contain more than we knew of, if we were not intended to be something greater than what we are, there would not be in us this restless longing. It is, in fact, the evil that gives me hope of cure, of something better. The faith in Olympus is dead, philosophy is shaken to the very root, but help will come to us through some new teaching that at present we are ignorant of."

This conversation was a strange comfort to Cinna. The knowledge that he was not fighting alone, but that all humanity was struggling with him, made him feel that a friendly hand had delivered him from the crushing burden by throwing its weight on thousands of other shoulders.

From that moment the friendship between Cinna and the old Greek became still greater. They often met, sharing all their thoughts, and Cinna found a thousand charms in this intimacy. He

was, nevertheless, too young, in spite of his premature experiences and his misfortunes, for life not to offer him new attractions, and the greatest of these attractions he found in Antea, Timon's only child. The popularity of this young girl was not less than that of her father. Every one offered her homage; the grave Romans who frequented Timon's house, the Greeks, the philosophers of the Serapeum, even the common people. A supernatural charm surrounded her and she hardly seemed of this earth. She had prophetic dreams, revelations that transported her above this world.

Her father loved her with a tenderness all the greater for fear that he might lose her. Sometimes, in fact, she owned to him that her sleep was haunted by warning visions; that before her shone an extraordinary light, and she could not say if it predicted life or death. Up to now, however, no shadow had crossed her young life.

When Cinna saw and heard her for the first time, he was so deeply impressed that he would like to have raised an altar in the atrium of his house, and to have offered white doves in sacrifice to her.

And soon he came to love her with an intense and overwhelming love, which as little resembled what he had hitherto felt, as Antea resembled other girls.

And Antea returned his love.

"Thou art happy, Cinna," said his friends.

"Yes, thou art happy, Cinna," he repeated to himself.

And, when at last he married her he loved, when her divine lips had pronounced the sacred words, "Where thou art, Caius, there I, too, will be," it seemed to him that his happiness was, like the sea, inexhaustible and without limits.

A year passed, and the husband gave to his young wife the worship one renders to a divinity. But Cinna, when he compared his happiness to the sea, forgot that the sea has its ebb. At the end of a year, Antea was seized with a cruel and mysterious illness. Her

dreams changed into terrifying visions which weakened her strength. The rosy tint of health faded from her sweet face, leaving only a waxen pallor.

The visions became more frequent; they soon became daily, and followed the invalid wherever she hid herself.

By the doctor's advice, Cinna surrounded her with strolling musicians, with Bedouins playing on their earthen pipes, whose loud music should still the murmurs of these invisible spirits, but all was in vain. Antea heard them all the same, and when the sun was high enough in the heavens that a man could see his shadow at his feet, like a garment which he had cast from him, then, in the burning atmosphere, the apparition would show itself and, fastening on Antea its evil gaze, retire slowly before her, as if inviting her to follow.

A Greek doctor was of opinion that it was Hecate who appeared to Antea, and that the procession that so terrified the poor girl was that of the ill-omened gods. In his opinion, there was no possible remedy, for whoever has beheld Hecate is fatally condemned to dissolution.

And Cinna, who up to now had only a smile of disdain for the worship of Hecate, prostrated himself before her altar, and offered to her "hecatombs," but the goddess remained inflexible, and the following day the phantom with the hollow eyes would reappear to Antea.

They tried bandaging the eyes, but the vision could be seen through the thickest veils; in a place from where all light was excluded it came from behind the walls, and the blue lights which emanated from it dispersed the shadows.

In the evening the invalid felt better; she then fell into a sleep so deep that sometimes Cinna and Timon feared she would never awake. Little by little she became so weak that she was unable to walk. They carried her on a litter.

About this time a celebrated Jewish doctor, son of Khusa, arrived at Alex-

andria, coming from Cesarea. Cinna at once consulted him, and in a moment hope revived in his heart. Joseph, who believed neither in Greek nor Roman gods, rejected Hecate's intervention with scorn. He assured them that the invalid was possessed by devils, and that it was necessary that she should quit Egypt at once, where, besides the devils, the air was impregnated with the effluvia from the Delta, which was hurtful to her health. He advised, probably because he was an Israelite, to transport Antea to Jerusalem, a town where the infernal powers had no access, and where the air was healthy and strengthening.

Cinna was the more inclined to follow this advice as, in the first case, no other suggested itself to him, and secondly, he knew the judge at Jerusalem, whose ancestors had been clients of his family.

And, in fact, on their arrival the Judge Pontius received them with open arms and offered them his residence to stay in in the outskirts of the town. But the faint hope which Cinna had cherished vanished even before the end of the voyage. The visions followed Antea on board ship, and the poor child saw the hours of the afternoon arrive with the same dread as formerly in Alexandria. The days passed for her in sadness, and in the fear and expectation of death.

In the atrium, in spite of the freshness of the fountains and the shadow of the porticoes, the heat was overwhelming after early morning. The marbles became burning under the rays of the spring sun, but, not far from the house, an old pistachio tree with its thick leaves spread out its protecting branches. It was there that Cinna had the couch brought, strewn with hyacinths and apple blossoms, where Antea reposed. And sitting by her, he caressed her hands, white as alabaster, and inquired softly:—

"Thou art well here, Carlissima?"

"Yes, well," she answered in a low voice.

After a minute, Antea spoke again.

"Calus," she said, "is it true that in

this country there is arisen a philosopher who cures the sick?"

"Here they call them prophets," answered Cinna. "I have heard speak of this one, and I would have taken thee to him, but I have been told he is only an impostor. He blasphemes against the Temple, and the established religion. This is why the judge has condemned him to death, and to-day, in fact, he is to be crucified."

Antea looked down.

"It is time that will cure thee," said Cinna tenderly, observing the shadow that crossed her face.

"Time is at the service of the dead, not of the living," she answered sadly.

And again silence reigned.

In the distance the sound of steps was heard. Antea became very pale. Her heart beat tumultuously. But Cinna calmed her, taking her hand in his.

"Antea, fear nothing; the steps you hear, I hear them myself."

And he added, after a moment,—

"It must be Pontius Pilate."

In fact, a turn in the road showed them the judge, who was approaching, followed by his slaves.

He was a man advanced in years with a round face carefully shaven, whose expression was at the same time solemn and anxious.

"I salute thee, noble Cinna, and thee, divine Antea," he said, advancing. "Solitude conduces to grief and sickness; groundless fears assail one rarely in the centre of a crowd; therefore I will give thee counsel. Unfortunately we are neither in Antioch nor in Cesarea; we have neither races nor public games, and if one attempted to establish circuses, the people would immediately destroy them. The fanatics have but one word in their mouths—'The law and the prophets.' One is ceaselessly coming across this invariable refrain. In truth, I should prefer to live amongst the Scythians rather than at Jerusalem."

"What advice wouldst thou give us?" demanded Cinna.

"Thou art right. I stray from my

subject; the reason is, I am so much preoccupied. I said then, in the midst of a crowd one is not haunted by groundless fears. Well, then, in a few moments you may see a sight. Here one must be content with but little; the chief point is that Antea should be surrounded during the hours of the afternoon. To-day three men must die on the cross; it will at any rate be a distraction. In addition, on account of the Easter feasts, a strange gathering of beggars and country people have arrived in the town from all the provinces. They are curious to see. I will give orders that they reserve for you the best places near the crosses. I have every reason to believe that the condemned will put a good face on the matter. One of them is an extraordinary man; he proclaims himself 'Son of God.' In fact, harmless as a dove, he has done nothing to merit death."

"And thou hast condemned him to be crucified?"

"What was I to do? I wished to avoid complications, in order not to exasperate the swarm of wasps which hover round the Temple. They would be capable of denouncing me at Rome. Moreover, it does not concern a Roman citizen."

"But will the unfortunate man suffer less because of that?"

The judge did not answer. A moment after, he continued:—

"I tell you, go, see the crucifixion. I am convinced the Nazarene will die courageously. Twice I have gone down to the tribunal; I have spoken to the high priests, the leprous fanatics. They answered me with one voice, shaking their heads and grinding their teeth, 'Crucify him! Crucify him!'"

"And thou hast given in?" said Cinna.

"How do otherwise? There would have been trouble in the town, and they have placed me here to maintain order. I have a horror of difficulties, and am morally lazy; but when I undertake a thing I wish to see it well through, and I do not hesitate to sacrifice the life of one to the general welfare, especially when it is an unknown person for whom no one cares. It is

unfortunate for him that he is not a Roman."

"The sun does not shine only for Rome," murmured Antea.

"Divine Antea," replied the judge, "I might answer that the Roman power stretches into the far distant horizon, and that therefore it is expedient to sacrifice all to its interests, and disputes shake this power. This is why I beseech thee not to ask me to recall my decree. Cinna will tell thee that it would be impossible, and that once a judgment given, the emperor alone could annul it. I, even if I wished it, could not do so. Is not this true, Caius?"

"It is thus!"

But these words visibly affected Antea. She murmured in a low voice, speaking perhaps to herself:—

"Then one can suffer and die innocent?"

"No one is innocent," answered Pilate. "Without doubt, the Nazarene has committed no crime; also, as judge, have I washed my hands of his condemnation; but as a man I disavow his teachings. I questioned him long enough, wishing to penetrate to the root, and I am convinced that he preaches things unprecedented, inadmissible. Before everything, the world ought to be guided by reason. Let every one think as his own conscience pleases, so long as he does not annoy others. If I do not believe in the gods, that is my affair; but I recognize the necessity of a religion because it is a restraint on the people. Horses must be bridled, and strongly bridled. After all, death ought not to be terrible to this adventurer, for he affirms that he will rise again."

Cinna and Antea exchanged looks of stupefaction.

"That he will rise again?"

"Neither more nor less—the third day—this is what sustains his disciples. As for himself, I have forgotten to question him about it. But that is of small importance. Even if he does not rise again he will lose nothing, as, by his account, true happiness, eternal life, only begin after death. The

depths of his Hades are more brilliant than our world, lighted by the luminous star, and he who suffers most here below will the more surely enjoy spiritual happiness; but, for that, one must love, love, always love!"

"What a singular doctrine!" sighed Antea.

"And the Jews force thee to crucify him?" repeated Cinna.

"Ah, there is nothing surprising in that; the spirit of the nation is hate. Is it not hate alone that could wish to crucify love?"

Antea raised her emaciated hands to her forehead.

"And he is convinced that one can live and be happy beyond the tomb?"

"Yes, and it is owing to this belief that the greatest torture has no terror for him."

"How sweet it would be to think that, Cinna!"

After a pause she asked again:—

"And from whence does he get this revelation?"

"He pretends," said the judge, "that he comes from his Father, the Father of all mankind, who is to the Jews what Jupiter is to us, with this difference, that the God of the Nazarene is one alone and merciful."

"How good it would be to believe that!" repeated the sufferer.

Cinna opened his mouth as if wishing to speak, but he remained silent, and the conversation ceased. Meanwhile Pontius Pilate continued his reflections to himself upon the incomprehensible doctrines that he had been describing, for he shook his head from time to time and shrugged his shoulders.

At last he rose to take leave.

Suddenly Antea raised herself.

"Caius, let us go to see this Nazarene."

"Thou must nasten, then," said Cinna; "the procession will be starting."

The sky, which since the morning had been clear and brilliant, became covered towards midday. From the north-west heavy clouds suddenly appeared, threatening and stormy;

streaks of blue still divided them, but it was easy to predict that soon they would reunite and cover the entire heavens. Upon the platform called Golgotha were seen groups of people who had preceded the procession before it left the town.

The sun rose in the heavens and lighted the part of the sky which the clouds had not yet covered. The hour was approaching when, as a rule, no sound is heard upon the heights, when every living thing seeks shelter under the shadow of the ramparts or in the hollows of the rocks; and, in spite of the unaccustomed animation, a kind of sadness fell upon this place, where the sun never shines upon the green earth and lightens but a desolate waste of grey stone, whilst the murmur of voices, coming from over the walls, resembled the sound of the waves breaking on a silent shore.

The groups which, since sunrise, had been waiting upon Golgotha, had their eyes turned in the direction of the town whence, at any moment, the procession might start. Antea's litter advanced, preceded by some soldiers who guarded her, and whose mission it was to repress the insolence of the people, always hostile to strangers. Cinna walked at the side of the litter, accompanied by the centurion Rufus. Antea did not appear agitated, although the hour for the apparitions approached. The account given by the judge on the subject of the young prophet had greatly touched her and turned her mind from her own miseries. It had for her something fascinating and incomprehensible. Doubtless the world which she knew showed her examples of men who had not rebelled against death. But with them it was the courage of the sage submitting to the law of nature, to the cruel but inevitable necessity of exchanging light for darkness, the realities of life for a state of indefinable annihilation.

But no one cherished the conviction that beyond the tomb a new existence awaited them, unending happiness, which alone can be given us by a God all-powerful and eternal.

And he who was to be crucified proclaimed this doctrine as unquestionable truth. It seemed to Antea that she had suddenly discovered the only source of hope and consolation.

She did not ignore that her days were numbered, and a great sadness came over her. To die—was it to abandon all she loved, her husband, her father, her friends, to renounce all the joys and all the affections of life, to be lost in the icy realms where one exists unconsciously?

And now she, who had given up all hope, was told that death contained every happiness. And who taught that? An extraordinary man, prophet, philosopher, who proclaimed that love was the highest virtue, who bent under punishment, blessing the hands that struck him, and on whom was about to be inflicted the punishment of criminals.

Antea abandoned herself to her thoughts, and, for the first time for several days, Cinna did not perceive upon her face the sighs preceding the daily crisis. The procession at last approached Golgotha, and, from the elevation where Antea was placed, she could see it in all its parts. The multitude was great, and, nevertheless, she seemed lost in a vast desert of stones. The clamor in the distance approached, and at length the first part of the cortège appeared upon the ascent. From all sides the people hustled each other to obtain the best places. The detachment of soldiers escorting the Nazarene alone remained in the rear. In front ran slender young boys, half naked, wearing, as their only costume, rags round their waists, with shaven heads, tufts of hair on the temples, and eyes of deepest blue. They shouted aloud and tore off fragments from the rock to throw at the condemned.

Following them came a motley crowd. Great excitement was written on their faces, eagerness for the coming spectacle; but not one showed the slightest sign of pity.

The centurion Rufus, approaching Antea, talked with her in a deferential

tone; and, meanwhile, the crowd increased every moment. The rich inhabitants of Jerusalem were present in their striped robes seeking to avoid the low rabble of the suburbs; peasants carrying their bundles; the country people bringing their families in consequence of the Easter feasts; shepherds dressed in goatskin, gazing about them with honest wonder and astonishment. Many women mixed with the crowd. None belonged to the higher classes, who rarely leave their homes. The women who were seen there were peasants or girls in showy tinsel garments, with dyed hair and eyebrows, with fingers reddened with henna, smelling of spikenard, and wearing large hanging earrings and necklaces composed of silver coins.

Then came the Sanhedrim, in the midst of whom was noticeable old Ananias, with his face like a bird of prey, and bloodshot eyes; the solemn Caiaphas, with his heavy step, carrying the tables of the law upon his breast. Divers sects of the Pharisees surrounded them; in front those who boasted to crush every obstacle under their feet; then those called "the bleeding foreheads."

Cinna observed this attendance with the disdain of a man belonging to a superior class. Antea regarded it with timid apprehension; the Jews she had seen at Alexandria did not differ sensibly from the Greeks whose customs they had imitated. Here she saw them in their true character, and as the judge had described them. She herself, with her frail appearance, her young face, upon which death had already set its seal, attracted general attention. They approached her as near as the soldiers who guarded her permitted, but such was the aversion which strangers inspired, that no sympathy mixed with their curiosity; all, on the contrary, seemed to feel an evil satisfaction in deciding that the young Roman lady would not escape her fate.

Seeing so many cruel faces, Antea understood the savage obstinacy of the people against the prophet who had preached of love. A strong impulse

drew her towards the victim whose destiny appeared so like her own. Had not both of them to die, he in consequence of an iniquitous judgment, she because of a cruel fate? He, however, saw death approaching sustained by the hope of an immortal future. She, alas! did not yet believe; but perhaps the sight of the prophet might give her the faith for which she longed with all the strength of her being.

In the distance the tumult increased, then suddenly ceased. Only the clash of arms and the heavy tread of the soldiers was to be heard. Through the hustling crowd the detachment of troops escorting the condemned passed before Antea's litter. In front, at the back, on both sides, tramped the soldiers with firm and measured step. The gigantic arms of the crosses seemed to walk alone, so much were those who carried them bent to the earth under their crushing burden. It was seen at once that he whom Antea sought was not one of the men carrying the instruments of torture. Two of them had the repelling faces of robbers, the third was an old villager who evidently replaced the Nazarene.

He came immediately behind, kept from view by the soldiers. His shoulders were covered with a purple cloak; on his head was a crown of thorns, from which drops of blood fell—some coursing slowly down his cheeks, others congealed on his forehead like grains of coral. His pallor was extreme, his walk painful and hesitating. He came along, insensible to the curses hurled on him, as if already he was no more of this world. He seemed in a supernatural ecstasy—granting pardon to all, very calm, very gentle, but saddened with all the sorrows which weigh upon humanity.

"Thou art the Truth," murmured Antea, in a trembling voice.

The procession wended its way past her, forced to stop from time to time for a moment, whilst the soldiers drove back the gaping crowd. The Nazarene was a little distance from Antea. She saw the breeze waving his hair, and the red reflections of his

cloak played upon his transparent features. The populace rushed upon him with such rage that the troops had to oppose violence by violence to protect him. From all sides, threatening fists, eyes starting from their sockets, wild faces, foaming mouths, uttering curses. And he, casting his gentle look upon the furious multitude, seemed as if he would have asked them, "What have I done to you?" Then he lifted his eyes to heaven—prayed—and pardoned.

"Antea! Antea!" suddenly cried Cinna.

But Antea heard nothing; big tears filled her eyes. She forgot her sufferings. She forgot that for months past she had not risen from her couch; and, suddenly raising herself up, shuddering with pity, with tenderness, with indignation against the impious maledictions of the frenzied people, she seized some hyacinths and apple blossoms to put in the hand and to scatter in the path of the "Son of God."

A silence followed. The crowd was struck with amazement at the sight of this noble Roman lady rendering public homage to the condemned. He, turning towards her, opened his lips as if he blessed her. And Antea, falling back on her cushions, felt enveloped in a sea of light, of happiness, of hope, of peace, and of contentment. She repeated once again:—

"Thou art the Truth!"

Then floods of tears blinded her.

The condemned, pushed forward, arrived at the spot where the crosses had been placed. The crowd hid him from sight, but from the point where Antea was placed, she could intercept his pale features and his crown of thorns. The soldiers, returning, pursued with lashes those importunate who hindered the execution. The two thieves were first nailed to the two crosses on either side. The third, placed in the middle, bore an inscription upon a white paper that the wind caught and then blew to shreds. At the moment when the soldiers began to strip the Nazarene of his clothes, furious shouts

were heard. "King! King! Defend thyself! Where is thy power? Save thyself by thy might!"

And shouts of resounding laughter awoke the echoes among the mountains.

They placed him upon the cross and fastened his hands. Then a man, clothed in a white garment, approached him, and, kneeling in the dust, cried in a loud voice:—

"I was a leper, and he cured me, and now he is to be crucified!"

"He cured him—dost thou hear, Calus?" said Antea.

"Dost thou wish to leave?" asked Cinna.

"No, I will remain here." And a cruel despair overwhelmed Cinna. Had he only appealed to the Nazarene! Antea would have been cured.

Already the soldiers were nailing the hands of the victim. The heavy sound of iron against iron was heard; and the noise became louder as the sharp points, having pierced the flesh, penetrated into the wood. The spectators became silent, doubtless the better to hear the moans that the pain would wring from the Nazarene; but he remained dumb, and the cruel blows of the hammer alone broke the silence.

At last the first part of this sad task was ended. The cross was hoisted in the air, and again the hammer resounded, piercing through the feet of the martyr.

At the same moment the clouds, which since the morning had been seen in the sky, threw a veil over the sun. The lights disappeared from the heights. A few pale gleams of twilight scarcely broke the growing darkness; the wind blew in hot gusts from time to time, then fell, and the heat became heavy and unbearable.

Then even the faint light faded away. Black clouds rolled up like the gigantic waves of a furious sea; the tempest broke and a great darkness spread over all nature.

"Let us go!" repeated Cinna in an imploring tone.

"A little longer, I *must* see him again!" answered Antea.

The crucified was at last hidden from sight in the thick darkness. Cinna had the litter carried to a few steps from the cross. The body of the Nazarene stood out from the black wood, and silver rays seemed to emanate from him out of the darkness. A gasping sigh convulsed his breast, his gaze was turned towards the sky.

Then, from out of the clouds, the roar of thunder was heard. It approached, the threatening sounds rolling from east to west. Then it seemed to be lost in the depths; the noise lessened, increased again, to at last burst forth with terrific force. The earth trembled to its foundations. At the same time blue lightning flashed across the sky, tearing asunder the clouds and lighting up the crosses, the armor of the soldiers, and the terror-stricken multitude—then all was lost again in the darkness.

A few women had crept to the foot of the cross, and their sobs added to the general terror. Whispers were heard amongst those who were present. They questioned each other, exchanging anxious looks.

"Evidently, it is a just man they have crucified."

"He who brought testimony of the truth. Woe betide us!"

A voice cried, "Curses on thee, Jerusalem."

And another, "The earth trembles."

Again the lightning flashed across the heavens. The voices ceased, or rather were lost in the roar of the hurricane, which swiftly rose with irresistible force, tearing the clothes, the cloaks of the women, and scattering the shreds in every direction.

Once again a voice cried:—

"The foundations of the earth tremble."

Some present took flight. Others were riveted to the ground, stupefied, half-conscious of what was going on, only knowing that some terrible event was happening.

Again bright flashes lighted up the sky, a keen wind swept away the clouds, the light gradually increased, until at last the darkness broke, and a

stream of brilliant light flooded the whole earth. The head of the Nazarene had fallen on his breast, his forehead was waxen, his eyelids closed, his lips bloodless.

"He is dead!" murmured Antea.

"Dead!" repeated Cinna.

At this moment a centurion approached the crucified, and pierced his side with his sword. Strange fact; the reappearance of daylight and the sight of the lifeless body seemed to have calmed the crowd. They pressed around the cross, and the soldiers did not repulse them.

Ories were heard, "Descend from the cross! descend from the cross!"

Antea cast a last look upon those livid features, then she said slowly:—

"Will he rise again?"

In the presence of this pallid corpse, with its supreme stillness, a desperate doubt seized her heart, and at her side Cinna was a prey to equal bitterness. Not that he had faith in the resurrection of the Nazarene, but he believed that if he had lived he would have been able by his power, good or bad, to restore Antea's health.

Meanwhile the clamor became more eager. "Descend from the cross! descend from the cross!"

"Descend!" repeated Cinna, in the wildness of his grief. "Save Antea's life and take all my soul."

The weather had become calm. Imperceptibly vapors again enveloped the foot of the mountains, but upon the summit and above the town the sky had regained all its purity. "Furis Antonia" shed forth a thousand shining lights, and a refreshing breeze swept over the plain. Cinna gave the signal of departure.

The afternoon was drawing to a close. Approaching the house, Antea said suddenly:—

"Hecate has not shown herself to-day."

Cinna had had the same thought.

The next day the visions did not appear. Antea was diverted and rejoiced by the arrival of Timon, who, sorely troubled by what his son-in-law had written to him, had quitted Alex-

andria, to see again his dearly beloved daughter for the last time.

She really felt stronger and better to-day, but the actual improvement Cinna attributed to the presence of Timon and to the touching sight on Mount Golgotha, which had so strongly impressed his young wife that even with her father she could speak of nothing else.

The old man listened astonished, contradicting nothing, and asking with curiosity as to the doctrine of the Nazarene, about whom, however, Antea only knew what the judge had told her.

The weather was overcast and veiled with sadness. During the morning it had poured in torrents, now a fine, penetrating rain fell from the heavy sky. Towards evening only the clouds cleared away, the sun appeared, casting a streak of purple and gold over the rocks, upon the white marble of the porticoes, to be lost at last in the waves of the inland sea.

The next day was glorious. The whole earth was veiled in a soft mist. Antea was carried out and placed under her favorite tree, from where she could gaze with ease at the joyous awakening of nature. Cinna and Timon were beside her, observing her with anxious tenderness. All three tried to forget that the midday hour was approaching.

Meanwhile Cinna's shadow shortened minute by minute, and his heart filled with anguish.

They remained thus, silent and preoccupied. Perhaps Antea herself was the most tranquil; stretched on her couch, her head resting on a cushion, she breathed with delight the strengthening air which came from the distant seas of the East; but the wind fell, the heat became intense, the bushes of spikenard warmed by the sun exhaled the strongest scents. Cinna perceived with fright that his shadow had lost its lengthened form, and that it had collected itself insensibly under him. It was midday. At the same instant Antea opened her eyes and spoke in an altered voice:—

"Cinna, give me thy hand."

Cinna trembled, and all his blood fled to his heart. This was the time for the frightful vision. The invalid's eyes were fixed on some invisible spot.

"Dost thou see," she said, "that light over there, which increases, which floats in the air, which trembles and radiates light around?"

"Antea, do not look," cried Cinna.

But, oh miracle! the face of the sick girl showed no terror. Her lips unclosed, her gaze became more intense, a divine joy transfigured her face.

The column of light approaches me," she said again; "I see him, it is he! It is the Nazarene! He smiles . . . how tender, how merciful! He bends over me like a mother, he holds out his hands . . . Cinna . . . he brings me health, salvation . . . I hear him call me."

And Cinna became very pale, and said, "Wherever he calls us, let us follow him."

Some moments later, upon the stony path leading from the town, appeared the Judge Pontius. By his face it could be seen that he was the bearer of some news that he, as a reasonable man, considered a mad invention spread to feed the credulity of the people.

And from afar he cried, wiping his perspiring forehead, "Imagine what they say now; they pretend that he is risen! . . ."

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

From *The Church Quarterly*.
LIFE AND LETTERS OF ARCHBISHOP
MAGEE.¹

This is the second archiepiscopal biography which has come before us within a year. But the two works have nothing in common, except perhaps their indiscretions. The "Life of Man-

ning" was bulky and heavy, and, far from leaving its subject to tell his own tale, it related a great number of things which he would scarcely have wished to be told. The "Life of Archbishop Magee" is brief, as biographies go in these days. It reads as easily and brightly as one of his own speeches, and the biographer is so far from intruding himself that he does not give us enough of assistance, the letters already in many cases requiring a Croker to annotate them, as much as Boswell's "Johnson" did forty years after its appearance.

Canon Macdonnell is no Boswell, except in loyal admiration of the subject of his work. He was a friend on equal terms, and, as Magee would have been the first to admit, he brought into the partnership a stock of intellect not at all unequal in its way to that of its more brilliant and successful member. His *Donnellan Lectures on the Atonement* are a theological performance much more important than any literary work which his friend, who said of himself that he was no writer, left behind. When we say, therefore, that we should have willingly accepted a larger amount of Dr. Macdonnell's biographical narrative even at the sacrifice of some of the earlier portion of the archbishop's letters, we are wishing for nothing which he would not have been perfectly competent to give us. Our first criticism, then, is that in this "Life and Correspondence," the life element should have assumed larger proportions. We should not then have been referred for an account of the bishop's episcopal work to half-a-dozen numbers of the diocesan magazine, a publication which few of us will ever see. Such an omission in a bishop's life to make way for parliamentary records is surely a great anomaly.

The correspondence itself is almost wholly that which was maintained from boyhood to age with Dr. Macdonnell himself; an affecting and attractive record of a friendship such as none but the true and good are capable of forming. It is a continued unveiling of the man; in his defects and shortcomings as well

¹ *The Life and Correspondence of William Connor Magee, Archbishop of York, Bishop of Peterborough.* By John Cotter Macdonnell, D.D., Canon Residentiary of Peterborough, sometime Dean of Cashel. 2 vols. London: 1896.

as in his abilities and excellences. We miss in it depth of spiritual thought, feeling, or inquiry; we find in it unfailing intellectual life and very sincere religion, though not of the rarest or loftiest type. He was not a Maurice or a Pusey, nor would he have coveted in the least the qualities of either the one or the other.

But interesting as the letters to Dr. Macdonnell are, it seems rather too much to give them to us with so little addition from other sources as "the correspondence of Archbishop Magee." Were there so few letters to his clergy concerning the spiritual affairs of their parishes, so few letters to inquirers upon the nature and the reasons of the faith, so few of spiritual counsel to the devout? Did the one friendship so absorb him that his communications with others were of too distant a character to make additions to our knowledge of his real self? If the Macdonnell correspondence had stood absolutely alone we should have perused it as showing one phase of the writer's mind, but we should have thought at the same time that there were other phases which other letters might have shown us. But when in addition to the rich treasures that come from the canon's receptacles, an occasional letter to or from some other correspondent is added, we are inevitably driven to the feeling that there was not very much intimacy or private influence exercised upon other friends beside the one.

Considering these matters, and noticing the large gaps which deprive these volumes of the claim to continuity and biographical completeness, we have sometimes thought that, as we were not to have a complete life, the precedent of publishing letters by themselves, such as those which in the cases of Newman, Thirlwall, and Mozley have served instead of biographies, might have been followed here. However, we shall urge no complaint; the work as we have it is so good that we are well content to take it as it is.

The future archbishop was born in 1821 in the library of the cathedral at

Cork; a dismal birthplace for so brilliant a man. The windows looked out upon the churchyard of St. Fin Barr, called by Corcagians St. Barry, and upon the ugly cathedral which has now made room for Burges's beautiful work. Within, so much space was occupied by the old books mouldering unread upon their shelves that the accommodation which remained for a family must have been very small. In after days a soured bachelor occupied the house, and was called "the exceeding fierce man who had his dwelling among the tombs."

The testimonies of relations bear out the impression about Magee's childhood which Dr. Macdonnell's witnesses record. He was a very uneasy and mischievous child, and as a youth devoted to reading, and absent in company. The old people in the place in Donegal where he lived in childhood and which he revisited in the last year of his life have a tradition that his mother used to come and teach a Sunday class in the schoolhouse, bringing with her a good piece of cord to tie her little son outside, lest he should stray. His uncle by marriage, Mr. Tredennick, once brought Willie to church to hear his father preach. The Rev. John Magee was, albeit a Calvinist, an excellent preacher, and the uncle on the way back remonstrated with the boy for being so uneasy in church. Willie replied that the body must be exercised along with the mind, and on examination he turned out to be better acquainted with the sermon than his uncle. He retained similar habits half a century later, when he complains of

the dismal repetition of the stalest evangelicalism from an old Rip Van Winkle kind of a curate whom Thomson has picked up as his *locum tenens* here. Listening to it took me back some forty-five years of life to the time when such "preaching of the Gospel" was the rule; yet it did not seem dreary then. Because, I suppose, as all men nearly held those doctrines then, a considerable number of clever men preached them and put life into them. But to hear them now—from a dull, elderly, pompous old man—seems like

listening to a spinet played by an elderly lady and sung to with quaverings that make you sad to think how she and her instrument were once young and voted charming (ii. 207).

We are scandalized by the tales which a schoolfellow sends to Dr. Macdonnell of Magee's maltreatment of beautifully bound books. Perhaps the beautiful binding may have been only cloth, but even so, to tear them from their covers was a cruelty which agreed too well with the mischievous disposition ascribed to him by others. It was well kept down in after-life. But still we can remember that when he made a point against an opponent his face used to assume a really vicious expression that showed the spirit of mischief not wholly extinct.

However he treated the outsides of books, his delight at that time was to devour their contents. The nature of his intellectual work in after-life was not such as to involve much quotation of books, and certainly no speaker could seem to draw more directly from his own resources. Yet it is certain that in youth he read much and with concentrated attention, and the letters of the last period of his life show an acquaintance with the literature of the day, and an acuteness in criticising it which, as it chances, do not often appear in the correspondence of his middle age.

Concentration on his books was, according to an informant of ours who was brought very close to him in early days, the source of his absence of mind, of which many instances are given. On one occasion he brought his sisters home from a ball, and, arriving at home, fled up-stairs at once, forgetting to pay the driver, who remained outside till four o'clock in the morning, when he rang to ask whether the gentleman whom he had driven to the house would soon be leaving the very late party which he supposed to be going on.

Magee as a young man had an excellent opinion of himself; in fact, a lady who knew him well says that he was the vainest young man she ever saw. But the vanity of clever young men is

to our minds far more excusable than that of their elders, and serves, as Hugh Miller remarks in "My Schools and Schoolmasters," to persuade them of their fitness for the contests of life, and brace them up to contend when no actual successes have as yet occurred to encourage them. We learn accidentally from an address by a Dublin physician given in the "Life" (i. 260) that Magee made trial for six months of the career of medicine. His pursuits and tendencies, however, as well as his family connections, pointed to orders as his destination. But between the period of his university studies and the age for ordination, a period intervened during which, by the testimony of his contemporaries, he led, to say the least, an idle life, which left him much to regret in after years. He won a share of university honors, and some in the Divinity school, but creditable as this would have been to an ordinary student, they were not what diligence would have secured to a man of his intellectual powers, to which was added a most unusual memory. His distinctive university reputation was gained as an orator in the famous Historical Society. Dr. Macdonnell gives us a specimen of the address with which Magee opened the session in which that society, after a long ostracism from the walls of Trinity College, was admitted to the official recognition which it still enjoys. The passage concerns the future work of the student of divinity, and reaches no doubt a higher pitch of eloquence than most men, not to say most youths, attain. But it does not ring very real to our ear, and displays to our thinking not much feeling, and none of that intense intellectual earnestness with which the efforts of after years were instinct.

His first curacy was that of St. Thomas's parish in Dublin. There he labored hard to perfect his preaching power. We have been told by one who ought to know that at first he wrote his sermons, and learned them by heart. Dr. Macdonnell gives the somewhat different account that he wrote them as an assistance to thinking them out, but

was not accustomed to look at the manuscript again, though its very words were generally repeated, while the arrangement might be varied. Certain it is, however, that he wrote carefully and labored much on the plan of the sermons; and afforded the useful example to young clergymen of a man who refused to be beguiled by the possession of extraordinary powers of speaking into resting satisfied with what he could do without trouble, but framed the ideal of a sermon which approved itself to his own judgment, and then took unstinted trouble to attain it. He explains his plan in a letter written two years after his ordination.

The great aim of the preacher who wants to excel is to *master* the mind of his hearers; to do this he must first master his subject so as to be able to present it in a new light. He who can do this will always command attention. Another rule I always followed was never to have more than one idea in my sermon, and arrange every sentence with a view to that. This is extremely difficult. I don't remember succeeding in doing this more than three times. A good sermon should be like a wedge, all tending to a point. Eloquence and manner are the hammer that sends it home; but the *sine qua non* is the disposition of the parts—the shape (l. 32).

It will thus be seen how greatly Magee was misjudged when he was regarded merely as a wonderful specimen of "Irish eloquence," whose volubility was his chief characteristic. In fact, he wanted some of the high characteristics of Celtic eloquence, notably spiritual feeling. But he wanted also its defects, if wordiness and exaggeration be among them. Every sentence was full of reason, and the sentences, the paragraphs, the divisions, were cumulative, all gradually tending to the one end, building, supporting, and buttressing on all sides the one idea which was the subject of the discourse.

The parishioners of St. Thomas's had, we believe, very little conception of the treasure they possessed in their curate. We remember being told by Dr. Stanford, then rector of St. Thomas's, and connected with it in Magee's time,

that when he was a curate there nobody thought much about him. And that is possible. At that period all eloquence and all religion were supposed by serious persons in Dublin to be restricted to the proprietary churches, where the pews were let. The parish churches were supposed to be the abodes of dullness; and as is usual, those churches became what they were supposed to be. It would be inconceivable to a Dublin Protestant of that time that the curate of a parish was more eloquent by far than the minister of any non-parochial church in Dublin. And among the parish churches St. Thomas's was not that in which such a prodigy would seem likely to arise. The archbishop's uncle and rector was generally called Tommy Magee—a title which bespeaks little respect. The church was sadly empty, except when the Orangemen, arrayed in their scarves, assembled on some anniversary, and lent an appearance of brightness and ritualism to the place. When Dr. Macdonnell states that his friend learnt there "the real work of a laborious parish," our impression is that (unless he taught himself) such learning was not to be found in the place. And when Magee himself describes the work of a Dublin curacy as "awful," we believe that he is applying the standard of a less exacting age than ours; that it was "very thankless" we can well conceive.

But Magee's experiences of a Dublin parish were not very long. Two years after his ordination he was ordered for his health to Spain, where he spent the year 1847, a period of woe for his own country, for it was that of the Irish famine. He thought the Spanish churches tawdry, though the absence of pews was a great improvement. And it is interesting to read the opinion expressed even at that early period of his career upon the prospects of reformation in Spain (l. 29).

With all this I believe Spain to be ripe for a reformation. Politics have not been mixed up with their religion here, making their adhesion a matter of bitter party spirit as at home, and I should not be surprised if the increasing intercourse with

England, and the spread of learning, should lead to reformation in the Spanish Church, the only kind of reformation that is lasting or valuable.

The opinion which forty years later he expressed as to the consecration of Señor Cabrera was therefore no new one.

I have an interesting correspondence with Graves and Plunket about the consecration of Cabrera. The latter (Plunket, not Cabrera) has taken the bit in his teeth and will go forward spite of all remonstrance—he will hurt the Irish Church and not help the new Spanish one—*me judice* (ii. 200).

Magee's married life dated from shortly after his return from Spain, and rendered him every joy and assistance that a helpmeet can provide for a busy man or that a man of hearty affections can provide for himself. In friendship and family affection Magee displays his best side. We find him deficient in general charity, too ready in exercising his talent for sarcasm, and not very well disposed to be merciful towards those who do not take his line. But a select few, his wife and children and college friends, he took to his heart and made part of himself. And though he was by no means indifferent to worldly success, it would not seem that the prizes which in that direction he secured ever gave him so much satisfaction as his fireside and the company of his old friends. "I count my friends jealously," said he, "for I make no new ones."

This intense affection in a limited circle seems to have had, at all events, a good effect upon his own spirit. The sore wounds which his fatherly heart received when two children were carried off from him in quick succession drew from him deeper expressions of personal religion than any which meet us in his previous life. And the letters preserved by Dr. Macdonnell tend to show that in his early married life, which was also the period of his ministry in Bath, religion became to him a far more real thing than ever it had been before. An exception to his habit of forming

no new friendships was afforded by his intimacy with an English clergyman, Edward Duncan Rhodes, vicar of Bathampton. Magee, when he met him, was yet young, and his appreciation of his elder friend was enthusiastic.

What a great capacious mind was his, and so filled with golden stores of thought and reading; what a manliness, what broad common sense, what a hearty love of all that was good and honest in all men . . . what do I not owe him? I regard my acquaintance with Rhodes as an era in my mental history. He first lifted me out of the narrow groove of party thought and life, and gave me something of his own broad catholic spirit. He first taught me how to think; before I met him I only knew how to argue (i. 144).

Mr. Rhodes appears to have been an excellent specimen of a Broad Churchman. It is a pity that Magee should not have also met some equally good specimen of a High Churchman who might have shown him the same breadth of spirit and catholicity of mind united with more of positive value for the institutions of the Church and the principles of sacramental grace than he ever possessed.

The narrow party in which he had been brought up repelled him. He complained in his later days that people would regard him as an Evangelical, while at the same time that party were ever driving him by their unreasonableness into the arms of their opponents. But he never was a High Churchman, and people were hardly to be blamed for classing him with the Evangelical party when he separated himself so clearly from the party which opposed it. He was very full at one time of a project that he and Dr. Macdonnell should together bring out a series of "Evangelical Broad Church" tracts. We do not think there is any great reason to regret that the project came to nothing. What the time demanded in England, and still more in Ireland, was a restoration of the long-forgotten faith and practice of primitive Catholicity. It was good that those who saw this need and raised the standard should be

broad thinkers and full of gospel faith; but their business was to use these principles in moderating and guiding the warfare of the Catholic army, not in keeping themselves aloof from it. The Christian public of the Church cannot make nice distinctions, and the moderate men, who refuse to join any party, have no influence on either of the contending sides, and often display a good deal of party spirit on behalf of their own middle view. And this is especially the case in Ireland, where very small causes rouse suspicion, and a man who will not positively adopt the popular creed can only avoid the accusation of Romanizing by teaching positively and with emphasis that he is not a High Churchman. Even thus, he will hardly be believed.

After nine years' success at Bath, during which he acquired the reputation of a first-rate speaker, Magee was appointed minister of Quebec Chapel, London; but his stay there was so short as to be only a flying visit, and he returned to Ireland as rector of Enniskillen upon the presentation of Trinity College. The board of that institution included staunch friends of the brilliant Irishman, who watched his growing fame with pride. And there can be little doubt that they invited him to return to his native land with a view to opening to him a career of promotion in the Irish Church. It would scarcely present itself to them as a possibility that the highest positions in the English Church were to be thought of for an Irishman. But for a man of abilities so popular, and at the same time so solid, everything was possible in Ireland.

Magee's greatest admirers cannot deny that if others thought him worthy of promotion he was himself very willing to be promoted. He makes no secret of it, least of all when a prize has been given away, and he protests that, however others may have been looking out for it, he had not. When we admit this, we admit that he was not of the very highest stamp of Christian priest. He was not of those who would not lift a finger for preferment, and to whom the opportunities of any office are in-

initely more important than its honor or its prominence. But, taking him as he was, we can very well explain and very well excuse his desire to rise, without imputing to him any sordid ambition. For not only was he a poor man with a considerable family, he was also fitted for the higher offices of the Church as few men are. He was, as he himself says, more a preacher than a pastor. With his unrivalled power of speech he might well hope to do more work and more good as a dignitary than as a parish priest. Let those of us cast a stone at him who have the reason which he had to suspect ourselves of a capacity for filling higher stations than those we possess.

His first Irish preferment was a post as likely as any in Ireland to bring him into collision with the most cherished local prejudices both of laity and clergy. Enniskillen was a very Mecca of Orangemen; Derry itself was scarcely so Orange. A great deal of that miserable spirit of contention which corrupts the religions of Ireland is due to the memory of the wars of religion in the seventeenth century, intensified as they were both in the waging and in the remembrance by the struggle for the land. The drumming after the Orange banners on the twelfth of July is the memorial of ancient marches and battle-fields, and renews the ancient hatreds from year to year. The very cross itself is an object of suspicion, because it was the standard of the armies of Rome. And the places which were the scenes of battle in old times are still the places where, under a very thin veil of Evangelicalism, the ghosts of old warfare haunt and try to rouse the shouts of fight and victory whose echoes still linger around.

Fermanagh is one of the most conspicuous of these battle-grounds. And Magee, with his quick temper and ready weapon of speech, found there a spirit to contend with far more stubborn and impervious either to argument or sarcasm than his hearers in that House of Lords where his real triumphs were to be won. He was supreme and irresistible in the pulpit at Enniskillen as else-

where. But the Orangemen were not always to be found in church, and if they were, the habits of hereditary party were far stronger in their blood than the passing impressions of eloquent preaching. It used to be said at the time that Magee made too much use of his faculty of sarcastic letter-writing. This is possible, for the fewer sarcastic letters the clergyman indites the better; and the more so if his talents be such as to make him always triumphant on paper. The opponents whom he defeats in words will avenge themselves in some other way. And so it was thought by friendly judges that Magee would have been a magnificent rector of Enniskillen if he could have been produced on Sundays to preach and put in constraint all the week to prevent his writing letters. The plan would have spoiled a great deal of good work which he did as catechist and in other duties; but so far as reconciliation of the Orangemen was concerned, it might have been effective. It is true that in a letter to Dr. Macdonnell near the end of the Enniskillen period he seems to consider that his warfare is ended and his people most happily with him; but other passages lead us to think that he was not at ease in Enniskillen, and that this letter expresses, like a great many others, only a present impression subject to corrections and deductions. On the other hand, his claim in the same letter to have attained peace with his brother clergy is perfectly exact. His controversy with them was of a different character and more important than questions of hoisting Orange flags on the church steeple.

It turned upon the education question. During the thirty years which elapsed between the introduction of the Irish system of national education and Magee's acceptance of Enniskillen, the Evangelical clergy of Ireland had stood out against that system. It was a battle creditable to their indifference to worldly advantage (for promotion by the government or by the bishops who favored the government was only to be had on the condition of joining the National Board), but by no means

equally creditable to their discernment of the true interests of their people. Glad would the English clergy be at present for the opportunity of securing government assistance in their schools upon the same condition of religious teaching which the Irish National system offers. But the clergy who were wise enough to recognize this truth had to face the accusation of time-serving, and submit to be associated with a worldly class of men not very worthy of the promotion they secured. At the time of Magee's return to Ireland the opposition to the National Board had begun to give way. Clergy once prominent in the contest, including even a secretary of the Church Education Society, conformed very shortly afterwards and received high promotion. The tendency of things was towards the present condition, in which a man may put his school under the board, no man forbidding him. But enough remained of the old spirit among the general body of the clergy to provide a good deal of annoyance for an advocate of national education. Magee had been an opponent of it in his early ministry. But his opinion had changed with the progress of time. It would be monstrous unfairness to impute to him any corrupt motive. The change was that which the Irish clergy as a body have since made. But he had just come from England, and might be suspected of having imbibed there principles disloyal to Evangelicalism; he was an expectant of promotion, and might be suspected of subserviency. Accordingly there was a good deal of alienation both social and ecclesiastical between the rector of Enniskillen and his brother clergy when he placed his schools under the National Board. But we venture to question whether, taking all the circumstances into account, his course acquired, as Dr. Macdonnell thinks, the "characteristic courage and firmness" which he no doubt possessed.

Some of the lectures which Magee delivered at this period were to our thinking among the best specimens of his eloquence. We have before us the lecture on Scepticism given in 1863, and find

that we can read it with more pleasure than the speeches and addresses contained in the collected volume, or even than many of the sermons. We are persuaded that a volume of the lectures of this sort which he published in separate form during his life would meet with public acceptance. They were written in full or prepared for the press by the author's hand while the subjects were fresh in his mind, and they retain much of that admirable ease and vigor which seized hold of his audiences and kept them delighted and instructed from his first word to his last.

The course of events by which Magee was brought back to England may well be thought to bear the marks of special providence. His friends transferred him to Ireland, never supposing that in England he could attain that high position for which they thought him fit. They, and perhaps we may say he himself, thought that nothing less than a bishopric was his just meed; and what premier could be supposed able to conceive the novel idea of making an Irishman bishop in England; the free exchange of bishops between the two countries having been hitherto conducted on what O'Connell called a one-sided reciprocity?

As time passed on Magee became eager to return to England.

I confess [he writes] that any presumptuous dreams I had of "doing good" in the Irish Church by raising (with a few like-minded men, yourself and others) a standard of liberality and moderation in theology or politics are dissipated by an experience of five years. You and I and the like of us are anachronisms by twenty-five years. Tory politics and "gospel" theology will sway the Irish Church for at least one generation more. I think I was of some use in England, and might be again; I am a speaker only, and cannot bring myself to howl in Ireland after the fashion approved by Irish Churchmen. . . . Why should I not go back there while I have any work left in me? . . . Do not think I am writing in any silly huff at being roqué-d for a bishopric!

We well remember hearing his an-

swer to the question what an Irishman's chances in England were as compared with those of an Englishman. He replied that they were just as good until he made a false step, and that the Englishman was more readily forgiven.

On two occasions an Irish bishopric was on the point of falling to his lot.

One was that on which Lord Carlisle sought to remove Bishop Fitzgerald from Killaloe to Dublin and Magee to Killaloe. The good-natured viceroy was much disappointed when Dr. Trench was brought over to Dublin. This failure brought no chagrin to Magee, who knew nothing about the intention to promote him until twenty years after. Not so the second case, in which the aged Bishop of Meath failed to die before the Liberal ministry went out of office in 1866. Magee would have had the appointment, but saw a Conservative succeed to it. However, we all know the witty and amusing fashion in which Mr. Disraeli, that master of surprises, transferred him to Peterborough. It is difficult to avoid speculating upon the consequences to the Church and to himself which might have resulted from Magee's remaining in Ireland. He could have done nothing more to hinder disestablishment than he did; perhaps not so much. He might have been able, when disestablishment came, to persuade the Irish bench to make terms with Mr. Gladstone; for that was the course which at first approved itself to his reason. Had he done so, they would, we believe, have procured no better conditions than resistance gave them in the end, and they would have earned for themselves, however unjustly, the standing reproach of "selling the pass." The position of Bishop Magee brought him to a certain degree into communication with the Liberal leaders, and an interview with Mr. Gladstone proved to him how little could be hoped from compromise, and enabled him with a perfectly free mind to deliver the wonderful speech against the bill which Dr. Macdonnell describes so vividly. We are able to corroborate his account from personal remembrance; the magnificence of the

scene, the House crowded not merely with Lords, but with Commons, the enthusiasm of the peers, usually so apathetic. In a few days the glamour was gone and the Lords had passed the second reading; and it was better for the Irish Church that they did so. We remember asking the bishop a day or two after whether he agreed with what had been said by his predecessor Bishop Jeune, that if he lived for ten years more he would be the last established Bishop of Peterborough, and he replied that he did. Therein he was mistaken; twenty-eight years have passed, and English disestablishment looks further away than it did then.

If the brilliant man had lived his episcopal life in Ireland he would have had a less conspicuous scene for his oratory, but not less important subjects on which to debate; for in the Irish synodical discussions on the revision of the Prayer Book he would have helped in framing the forms of devotion of his Church and fixing her position in the Anglican communion. To be sure, he would have held his usual pre-eminence as the champion orator of the assembly. The fact that his only rival, the present primate of Ireland, never took a very influential part in the debates would have been no precedent for him, since his powers were better fitted for debates than those of the archbishop. But he had not, so far as the evidence of his biography goes, the fixity of opinion or the amount of theological knowledge which would have made him a safe leader in an assembly where his eloquence and mental vigor would have made him sure to lead. Evangelical Broad Churchmen were not the class of persons required there, but rather sturdy High Churchmen not afraid to act as a party and oppose revision positively and obstinately—the sort of persons whom Bishop Magee would have regarded with a good deal of contempt and made the butt of many a sarcasm. But we feel by no means sure that some plausible mistake commending itself for the time being to able men of affairs might not have captivated him, and through him

the synod. It is true that on first hearing in his English home of the proposal to revise the Prayer Book of the Irish Church, he took the view of the project which was worthy of his clear vision, and wrote to his friend: "I do trust that you, and others who act with you, will take your stand upon the Prayer Book as it is. Even if you are beaten—as I fear you will be—your restraining and moderating power will be greater than if you join the revisionists." He was perfectly right. The restraining and moderating power which hindered revision from going to greater lengths than it did was not that of the moderates but of the opponents of revision; just as in the passing of the Irish Church Act the moderating power had been exercised, not by compromise, but by opposition. However, when Dean Macdonnell himself, with the best intentions, joined the revision committee, his friend abated the principle of general opposition to revision for which he had previously declared, and laid down the rule which, if he had to deal with revision, he would pursue; namely, to stand firm on doctrinal matters, but concede everything in forms and externals.

Were I on the committee I should go in for such rubrical revision as should make Ritualism all but impossible. A vestments rubric would go a long way to this, and a canon or two would complete it. This done, I would take my stand on the ground that this was sufficient remedy, and that doctrinal revision was not and could not be any additional guarantee. . . . In order to this I would not hesitate to deal trenchantly even with rubrics and ceremonies, on the ground that they are mutable, even for expediency's sake, and then take my stand on doctrine as immutable.

These sentences describe with general accuracy the course which the Irish bishops actually took, and considering their difficult position they ought not to be harshly judged. But while doctrine did not remain absolutely unscathed, the trenchant dealing with rubrics and ceremonies which the bishop would have sanctioned did immense harm.

The eastward position, which he found nearly legalized in England when he received his bishopric, and which he himself never attempted to hinder in his diocese (ii. 22, 64, 69), was prohibited in Ireland, and many other points of practice which in England have gained a similar position, are in like manner under a ban in the sister Church, which has thus established for herself an isolation of which no reasonable account can be given, and which is exceedingly injurious to her reputation. Few will now maintain that the Irish bishops might not have done something more than they did to hinder ceremonial restrictions; it seems that if Bishop Magee had been their adviser he would have prompted them to deal trenchantly with all such matters in order to save the doctrine. The concessions had no such tendency, and the advice would have been erroneous both in general and in particular.

The bishop's objection, if such it can be called, to the proposal to permit deacons to pronounce the absolution at Matins and Evensong, is that some extreme ritualists, desirous of degrading public absolutions, desired the same change. But surely the true reply is that, be the form itself what it may, the use of it by the priest is rested in terms on the fact that God has given power and commandment to his ministers to declare and pronounce absolution. And to open its use to deacons would be to declare that they are of the class of God's ministers of whom this can be said; which admission would be a serious doctrinal change and irreconcilable with the Ordinal. Again, the bishop is wrong in supposing that the indicative absolution in the Visitation of the Sick is mediæval and Western only. The fact is that the Reformers were strongly attached to it on the reasonable ground that when our Lord says, "Whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted," the form of expression which best carries out His suggestion is "I remit" or "I absolve."

The correspondence about the Irish Church ceased with wonderful completeness when both friends had left

their native land. Dr. Macdonnell received, in spite of the general respect and regard felt for him in Ireland, a considerable share of the rubs and flouts which were common in the disestablished Church, and which moderate men felt perhaps more acutely than those who were declared opponents of the popular party. His friend, who had reached harbor in England, resented these probably more than he himself, and in offering him an English living said, "I trust you will not be influenced by any overstrained idea of duty to the Irish Church. You owe it, in my opinion, nothing. It owes you much." That is one of the passages in the bishop's letters which we wish his biographer had omitted. It may be well excused in an affectionate friend hasty in his utterances, yet hardly in a bishop giving counsel on a moral question. But it is not pleasant twenty-five years after the event to find the opinion published that one's duty to one's spiritual mother is to be measured by the treatment one has received from her.

Of the archbishop's career as an English bishop we have a less continuous view in the letters than we had of his Irish experiences. The two friends were close at hand, and many things were treated in personal conversation which would have been recorded in letters had they been separated. Canon Macdonnell is obliged to be more liberal in the narrative which occupies the intervals between the letters; we should have desired from him a greater liberality still, especially in regard to the bishop's relation to the great Church revival, which was in progress all the time of his episcopate. He was not the man to offer it a fanatical opposition. His ready wit and the orator's instinctive sympathy with earnest hearers fitted him to take friendly part in assemblies of High Churchmen. Yet we do not believe that he ever understood the movement or discerned its power. He could speak of "the merely feminine minds of such monks in petticoats as Liddon." Upon this highly unworthy utterance we must stop to say that we do not

think the hasty thoughts written to a friend as carelessly as they would be spoken if he were present, become, morally speaking, the property of that friend to promulgate after death, any more than the hasty words would be during life.

We can find little of that large-minded and courageous method of treating a difficult subject which is claimed for Dr. Magee, in his dealings with the subject of Confession. Although he does not express the fanatical horror of the word which makes some people object much more strongly to the confession of our sins than to the commission of them, yet we cannot admit that he faced either the facts of human nature or of Church history which bear on the question.

We do not see how any one can reasonably maintain that the Prayer Book, while prescribing confession in the two cases of troubled consciences unable to find peace, and of the sick, can be justly understood to discourage it in the case of any one who may choose to make use of it, or to hinder the clergy from advising it if they see good, always provided that they do not enforce it as a necessity for salvation. The first Prayer Book of Edward VI. forbids those who practise it to judge those who do not, and *vice versa*. And though this passage was withdrawn in 1552, a distinct general approval of the first book and its contents was at the same time made in the Act of Uniformity prefixed to the second. It cannot be that so momentous a change as the general disapproval of private confession would imply was made in this silent fashion. The only change that can justly be supposed is the transference of the whole matter of private confession and absolution to the choice and responsibility of priests and people, the Church prescribing nothing except the sufficiency of public confession and absolution for those whose consciences are therewith content. To speak, therefore, of the "rules of our Church in this matter" (II. 78) is to suppose the existence of rules where they never existed, and to fetter the priest and his penitent where

the Church meant to leave them free.

And this led in practice to very unwholesome advice. What priest could deal faithfully with consciences when his bishop directs him to say to them (II. 78), "Tell me those sins, and only those, which still weigh upon your mind"? Who could "firmly but kindly check all attempts at what is called a full confession"? And when the confession is made, what priest that remembers the rubric which in the book of 1549 directed the absolution in the Visitation of the Sick to be used in all private confessions, and that his rubric with the rest of the book it belongs to has still the approval of the Church, could content himself with saying, "I fully believe that you are forgiven by God, and I, as his minister, assure you of this. You may now go, so far as I can judge, with a clear conscience to the Holy Communion, and there you will receive the benefit of absolution"? This is not what the Lord's commission to the priest suggests, nor what St. Paul used to the repentant Corinthian whom he bids the Church "forgive," and whom he himself "forgives;" nor is it what the exhortation in the Communion Office contemplates when it bids penitents expect, not a reference to their next communion, but the benefit of absolution with ghostly counsel at the time of their confession. And we know not what the priest's office and commission mean, if he is to instruct one who has just made confession to him that "there is no special or exceptional virtue in priest's absolution, even were I authorized to give it you." Truly, if Bishop Magee's presbyter followed his diocesan's prescription, we can well conceive the result to have been that the patient would not "adopt his treatment and so recover, but have resort to some other physician and so grow worse."

It would seem from the "Life" that Bishop Magee had a considerable share in the Report on Confession presented to Convocation in 1873 (I. 290). This was adopted generally by the Lambeth Conference of 1878. But we cannot

think that the complacency with which the bishop regarded his part in that conference was justifiable.

When these matters were struck out, I saw that the great majority would go with the archbishop, and that if I protested, at the last I should find myself in the same boat with Bombay, Colombo, and one or two others "of that ilk," a position in which I had no wish to appear, and so I yielded, and in yielding shut them up, as I had been their *πρόμαχος*. We have now got a clever and definite and brief condemnation of the Ritualists, which as a point of order was most irregularly introduced and which is *peccati exempli* as regards future conferences; but which for the present distress is, as you say, most weighty and valuable (ii. 96).

There spoke the parliament-man, not the bishop; and whatever his judgment of his action and its result may have been, we think that the summing-up of a colonial bishop at the time was the truer one: "The Archbishop of Canterbury can do anything he likes."

And the same account may be given of the passage through the Lords of the P. W. R. Act, and the support which it received from the bishop. The fact is, as it seems to us, that though well able to detect and condemn the Erastianism of Archbishop Tait, the power which Bishop Magee's eloquence gave him in legislative assemblies led him in practice to an inclination for dealing by actual law with things which had better have been left to spiritual influence. While preferring to see England free to seeing her sober, there is room to doubt whether he would have preferred to see the clergy free to seeing them Ritualists. The support which he gave to the P. W. R. Act is described by himself in 1876 as having been yielded "deliberately though reluctantly, from a conviction which he still entertained that the dangers of unrestrained license were greater than even the obviously great dangers of some measure of restraint" (ii. 53). Eleven years later his good sense and experience had led him as it led Archbishop Tait to softer views, and he gives a reason for his

adhesion to the act of which we must say no sign appears at the time of its enactment:—

The first duty on the part of those who govern the Church towards those whom they are called to govern is to make the rules they are to obey clear and definite; and then, if needs be, to provide punishment for disobedience to these. To reverse this process is only to breed confusion and strife. For this reason I should never have voted for or supported the Public Worship Regulation Act had not its introduction been accompanied by Letters of Business to Convocation for the Revision of Rubrics—a revision which I fully hoped and believed would have been accomplished well within the limit of three years named in that act as the term of grace for contumacious clerks (ii. 243).

We think the bishop must have somewhat deceived himself in 1887 as to the strength of his expectation of rubrical revision in 1876. For in 1874 he wrote:—

I now fully believe that nothing will be done in the way of revision in Convocation. I trust that may prove the safest course, if safer be the proper word for a choice between serious perils. But it is at any rate the only possible course (ii. 14; see also p. 54).

It is not shown that Archbishop Magee ever was a Church leader in the difficulties of the time, nor can we maintain that in his sermons he discovers and displays great guiding thoughts. The sermons are most able compositions, and the student of arrangement might make them his model. But now that we can no longer hear them from that wonderful voice which seized possession of us as we listened, we note their want of the uplifting power which belongs to the highest religious eloquence. We believe that Canon Liddon was the greater preacher because of his greater spiritual intensity and if that opinion is feminine we can only submit to be so described.

As a speaker upon the platform or in the House of Lords Magee was so great that we despair of describing his greatness by words. His greatness as a

bishop belongs to that peculiar condition of the Church on which she is intermingled with the State, and her spokesmen must busy themselves in secular assemblies and hold their place and hers among the men of the world. None could hinder Magee from holding his place. He was outspoken and courageous, for a man may well be courageous who carries such an irresistible weapon as that voice. And the "Life" proves that behind the sarcasm there was an affectionate heart and genuine faith. That there will be no more such letter-writers the biographer foretells. And we shall join him in thinking that it will be long indeed before there is such another speaker. Whether the rich endowments that he possessed enable us to endorse his friend's lofty claim to place him among the great men we do not care to argue; for how little does our human and fallible judgment matter to him now!

From The Fortnightly Review.
A VISIT TO ANDORRA.

The Republic of Andorra is the ancient Transvaal of the Pyrenees. For at least eight centuries it has maintained its independence by the mutual jealousies of two great races. Notched between the frontiers of France and Spain it belongs to neither, but carefully divides its allegiance between the French president and a Spanish bishop. Like the Transvaal, it presents a steady resistance to modern ideas and improvements. In the midst of the militarism of Europe it possesses no standing army. On the borders of a State where age and youth have equal political privileges, it maintains a system of patriarchal government which belongs to an earlier age. The oldest republic in Europe, Andorra smiles on the extravagances and caprices of its mighty neighbor; though it still pays a tribute of money, it retains its independence of mind. Like the Transvaal, again, it maintains a

persistent warfare against the modern spirit of exploitation and speculation. Alone of all the countries of Europe it possesses no roads. Threatened time after time with the designs of French company-promoters, it has successfully defied them. It refuses to become a second Monaco. Wedded to pastoral pursuits, Andorra has hitherto held at arm's length both the gamblers and the miners. And so these sturdy Republicans, the Montenegrius of the Pyrenees, cling to their narrow domain, unique survivors of the Middle Ages, the "fly in amber" of the modern European system—a rare "political curiosity" left to us by the caprice of a Napoleon, to be the pride and joy of the modern constitutional antiquarian.

Such a country seemed as worth invasion as the Transvaal, and Dr. Jameson himself could not have been smitten with a more overpowering ambition than we, when we found ourselves—a party of three—during the past summer, on the borders of Andorra. We had started from England with a vague design of crossing the Pyrenees from east to west—from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. We had traversed the eastern part and climbed the Carlitte; and now Andorra lay a roadless obstacle of one hundred and fifty square miles across our track. The smaller maps obtainable in England had bristled with difficulties, and the closest perusal did not reveal to us the mode of exit on the western side of Andorra. But now on the spot we had obtained the maps published by Hachette under the supervision of the French minister of the interior, and our ambition had risen with our knowledge. Our scheme now was to enter Andorra by the Port d'Emballre, emerging by San Julia; and thence to make our way across the Spanish side of the Pyrenees to the French watering-place Bagnères de Luchon. Andorra itself forms an equilateral triangle of about twenty miles, fixed like a brick in a child's puzzle right in the very centre of the Eastern Pyrenees. We calculated that by the paths which

the big maps revealed we could cross Andorra itself in two days, and arrive at Bagnères in another three—making, with days of repose, a week away from roads and butter. We reduced our luggage to an easy burden for a mule—two Tyrolese rucksacs—and took a small Mummy tent for use in case of accidents. We also took a tin of Keating's powder.

When I come to consider the cavalcade which started out in the early morning from Porté on Thursday, August 27th, 1896, the Jameson analogy fades. Fourteen hours of the previous day had been spent in climbing, and in the weakness of the evening that followed we had engaged four mules and muleteers to await us on the following morning. With the men themselves I have no fault to find, but their chargers had entered our service under a misleading *alias*. Of the four, three were horses of a scraggy build, and uncertain temper. Mounted on these and followed by our nondescript brigade of muleteers, our approach did not suggest the lighting of beacons or the despatch of the fiery cross. The oldest Andorran might regard our invasion with complacency, especially if he contemplated the series of equine war-dances with which one of our steeds again and again imperilled the life of the least equestrian member of the party. In order to enter the valley of Andorra from the French Eastern Pyrenees, it is necessary to cross two passes. The first is a low pass called the Col de Puymorens. The road ascends from Porté in gigantic zigzags to a refuge built by the French government at the top. We ignored the zigzags, struck into the old road, now a chaos of boulders, down which winter torrents find their way, and up which our horses now clambered, with many expressions and symptoms of disgust. The Pyrenean horse is an old hand at "bluffing" the foreign invader. If you are intimidated by his various slips into tightening the rein, he will soon throw most of the work on to your wrists. If you ignore him and just throw the reins on his neck, you will

soon find that he knows his work far better than you do, and has not the smallest intention of falling.

It was over an hour before we arrived at the summit of the Col de Puymorens, and striking off to the left over great slopes of grass, interspersed with stones, bade farewell to the road for many a day. That excellent thoroughfare sweeps on through Hospitalet to Ax, until it reaches the valley of southern France. We now entered a country where, for fifty miles as the crow flies, no great highway breaks the solitude of the hills. We ceased to mount, and for several hours we now rode along great rolling downs, for the most part hidden in huge masses of cloud, which now and again descended on us, and enveloped us in their chilly folds. We passed the Mine of Puymorens and descended into the valley of the Ariège—the river which forms at this point, the frontier of France and Andorra. As we ascended, a mighty view of mountains began to reveal itself on our left, great precipitous peaks, now standing out with their fretted edges abruptly against an angry sky, and now buried in the depths of some lowering cloud. These were the peaks grouped under the picturesque name of the Pic Nègre—Negro Peak—and the Pic de la Font Nègre—the Peak of the Negro Lake. Scarcely anywhere in the Pyrenees did we see a group of peaks more fascinating to a climbing man. According to Henri Passet, whom we met afterwards at Gavarnie, and who impressed us as easily the first among Pyrenean guides, most of these peaks have been climbed: but I feel confident that they still present endless sport to climbers who seek new outlets for their energy.

As our horses waded the Ariège, the frontier of Andorra, we took off our hats to the little republic, which does not harass travellers with any vexatious Custom House—probably because the customs would not be worth collecting. We then climbed the tedious ascent of the Port d'Emballire, the gate of Andorra. Like most of the passes of the Pyrenees, a proud range of

mountains that scorns to dip low, the Embalire Pass lies high, and we had to climb nearly eight thousand feet before we caught sight of the great rolling spaces of Andorra before us, and looked back for the last time on that formidable, black, ragged range of peaks which guards at this point the frontier of France. From here the path descends through a long valley called the "Valira del Orien" until it reaches the capital of the republic. There is no question as to route. The valley forms almost an acute angle, but your only alternative to following it is to cross precipitous peaks. In this case, as often in travel, the two sides of the triangle are shorter than the third. The path runs by the side of the stream called the Valira, and is characterized by directness rather than smoothness. The vagaries of our horses passed the limit of tolerance, and we were glad to find relief by dismounting and descending on foot over the smooth grass that sloped gently into the valley. The paths of Andorra are described in a French prospectus, to which I shall have another occasion to refer, as "stoned" (*emplerrés*). The expression is technically accurate, but as the stones are mostly left in a casual way by passing streams, they can scarcely be said to recall the thoughts of Macadam, which the phrase is calculated, and perhaps designed, to suggest.

It was here that we first obtained our first view of Andorra, and our first impressions of Andorran scenery. Let me anticipate with a few words as to its general characteristics. Generally speaking, it is just the scenery of a small slice out of the highest Pyrenees, and is to be classed with the similar scenery that we saw elsewhere on the eastern side of the range, round Porté and the Carlitte. The mountains are not so high here as further west, and there is no "eternal" ice or snow to crown the green landscapes of the lower slopes. As a whole, the Eastern Pyrenees are extraordinarily treeless. They were, it is now thought, denuded of their trees in the thirteenth and

fourteenth century by the peasantry, and most of the trees standing to-day are the result of recent plantations. Andorra is by no means so treeless as the Cerdagne. There are frequent pine woods, and we did not see there any of those vast stony "deserts" which are characteristic of the extreme Eastern Pyrenees. The higher slopes of the mountains form gigantic pasture grounds, on which are fed vast flocks of sheep and herds of cattle and goats. Below are grown corn and maize on every available patch of tillage. The high mountains here are dotted with the little lakes which are found everywhere in the high Pyrenees, and one of our first sights on passing into Andorra was the spectacle of one of those great "Cirques" into which the mountains of this range are so fond of shaping themselves—great semicircles of mountains, like mighty amphitheatres, without a gap in their iron walls. For the rest, the landscape of Andorra is full of constant change and variety. The little parties of hay-laden mules going down to the villages, the red-capped peasantry working in the fields, the handsome and cheerful women laboriously sifting the corn and calling the fowls to their food—all form a constant procession of new and charming pictures, pleasing to the eye and ear.

An hour's descent along the valley brought us to the hamlet of Saldea, which is not one of the six "parishes" that have a share in the government of Andorra, but is a small frontier hamlet. It was not a promising introduction into the republic. Five hours' journeying had roused in us a lively hunger, but at first we could not detect in the little group of humble buildings any house which suggested the idea of an inn. But our guides led the mules with conviction into the courtyard of an ample dwelling, with a curious mixture of the palace and the stable in its general appearance. We invaded the kitchen, and by persevering pressure at last secured a meal. The toughness of the outlets was softened by hunger; the omelet was pronounced delicious; while the fluids that were respectively

presented to us as wine and coffee escaped the severe condemnation that would have overtaken them in any other air. Lunch over, there was one pretty incident which quite redeemed the meal. The waiting-girl suddenly appeared with her hands full of small bunches of mountain carnations. These were presented to us with a smile, to carry as a memorial of our halt. But that halt was not destined to come to so speedy an end. While we were lunching the weather had gone from bad to worse. Storm after storm of rain had come marching up the Valley of Andorra, until finally it had settled into a steady downpour, which seemed to forbid all further progress. We were still four or five hours distant from the capital, and as the hours passed on we found ourselves face to face with the alternative of having to grope our way in the dark along narrow paths, missing the view, and at the mercy of the elements, or of sleeping at the inn of Saldeu. Neither alternative seemed very attractive. The inn was little more than a stable, with sleeping-room above, and the only decent sitting place was the balcony, which was exposed to all the winds that blow and the rain that falls. The rooms within were almost entirely unprovided with windows, and the gloom became Stygian. Finally we swathed ourselves in all our mackintoshes and rugs, and, taking seat on the balcony, sought consolation in triangular whist. But we had scarcely settled in when a small boy, wearing the bright red Phrygian cap of Andorra, appeared, dragging by the leg a disconsolate and lean-looking sheep. An open, trencher-like arrangement on four legs stood in the middle of the balcony, and the whole apparition suggested fears, which we scarcely dared to express in words. "What are you going to do?" we gasped, pausing in our whist. "Kill it," answered the boy, grinning, and in the worst possible French. Our fears were realized. The balcony was used as a slaughter-house! "The subsequent proceedings interested us no more." I will confess

that several of us gave up that excellent vantage of the balcony until the act of slaughter was over. In our withdrawal, we left behind us a pouchful of English tobacco—at that time the most rare and precious of our worldly goods. Returning a few minutes after we found the crowd scattering in various directions, and the pouch lying empty on the table! The redolent perfumes of English tobacco scented that inn during the rest of the evening, though not, alas! from our pipes.

Still, the weather refused to relent and we had to settle in for the evening. During the few hours of daylight we remained on the balcony, hardening ourselves to one of those public exhibitions of our card-playing powers which never failed to draw large audiences in Andorra. Our English cards filled the inhabitants with wonder and amazement, and the loafers came from every corner of the village to watch us, until we were faced with a solid phalanx of red-capped villagers. They did not look the most orderly crowd in Europe; and I should judge some of them not incapable of smuggling, though probably past the violence of brigandage. Their dress was dirty and untidy; their manners were ugly; and their slouching attitudes contrasted ill with the upright carriage of our French muleteers. But the villagers of Saldeu, I hasten to add, are by no means characteristic of Andorra, but rather of a frontier village where smuggling is an industry which brings rewards of a kind to discourage all systematic and well-regulated effort. For the rest, we felt that we had left the nineteenth century behind us. From its general aspect, Saldeu might have been a Saxon village in early England; and the only sign of "civilization" was a telegraph office—where, by the way, the operator works with a revolver by his side.

We had a quaint instance of the primitive nature of the people. One of our number yielded so far to the ambition of gaining public favor as to divert the crowd by a display of his

skill in card-tricks. But his successes won him little favor. They threw him resentful glances, and his best trick provoked murmurs. They showed real anger, and one of them began to utter accusations of magic and sorcery. I was beginning to be alarmed for my friend, and my imagination pictured a hastily erected stake and a precipitate *auto da fé*. Fortunately, however, a smart young man in the crowd detected the secret of one of the best in his stock of tricks, and the resentment changed to triumph and joy. The suspicions of sorcery passed away, and my friend became a safe, though a discredited man. What struck us throughout this was the simplicity and almost infantile inexperience of that angry crowd.

Still, I ought not to be ungrateful. Mine host and his family turned out of the best bedroom to make room for us, and provided us with the most substantial of their lean hens. The wine of the country was given us in unstinted flow out of the ruddiest of leathern bottles. In fact we could have everything except that for which we most yearned—cow's milk and butter. Profiting by the experiences of the day, we spent the evening in learning from one of our muleteers, who knew both French and Catalan, the essential words in Catalan for the expression of the most elementary needs. Of these we made a list and kept them at hand throughout the tour. And when at last we retired from the hard boards of that primitive *salon* to our bedroom, I need not describe the grim tragedies of the night that followed, except to say that Mr. Keating played a conspicuous and consolatory part.

The following morning broke brilliantly, and the mountains looked clear and fresh after the rains of the previous day—the highest capped with a layer of fresh-fallen snow. There was little temptation to linger in Saldu, and I do not claim it as a virtue that after a hasty breakfast of dry bread and honey—there was no butter forthcoming in Andorra—we were afoot by seven o'clock, starting on our five

hours' walk down the central valley of the republic to the capital. We had sent back all our mules except one, and we enjoyed our freedom. Our walls on either side were mountains, now gently sloping, now broken into gorges noisy with the hum of waterfalls, and now rising in precipitous walls. The peasantry were at work in the fields, and in front of the houses the women were beating out the corn. The countryside was dashed here and there with bright spots of color, the red Phrygian caps of the peasants. Andorra smiled on us and we smiled back. The inhabitants seemed a mild, industrious people, and their manners were courteous and attractive. They would salute us with a polite "Good day" in the national language, Catalan,—a separate language of Latin origin, of great antiquity, and quite distinct, I believe, from any of the dialects of the Pyrenees or of Provence. The inevitable crowd which gathered in every village to scan our movements satisfied their curiosity as inoffensively as could be expected in a country where Englishmen are almost as unknown as Andorrans in England. We enjoyed the novelty of being mistaken for Frenchmen and the friendly wonder of the inhabitants at our dress and ways.

We were in no hurry, and sending on our mule we lingered by the way, now bathing in the Valira, and now studying the quaint and beautiful altarpieces in the wayside chapels, or the primitive iron crosses—beaten, like all the ironwork of Andorra, in the forge—that meet the traveller at every conspicuous point in the hills, hourly reminders of the "Worship of Sorrow." Contrasted with the products of the surrounding valleys, these pieces of ironwork go far to vindicate Mr. Ruskin's severest attacks on the artistic effects of machinery; for I do not suppose that there is a single machine in Andorra. We passed through the "parish" of Canillo, with its eleven hundred and fifty inhabitants—I follow the numbers given in the French maps—and the second parish of Encamps,

with its seven hundred and eighty-five, picturesquely situated at the meeting of three valleys, and looking in its general aspect the cleanliest and most attractive of all the Andorran villages. A lunch in a clean kitchen, waited on by comely Andorran damsels, delayed us some time—and when we reached the turn of the valley at las Escaldas we met our only muleteer, consumed with anxiety to return that evening to France, and searching for us along the road.

At this point the valley turns sharply to the west, and the capital comes into view, lying in the centre of a valley of some four miles in length and nearly a mile broad. One must call it a town, although it is but a crowded collection of houses, with a population of twelve hundred people. As there are no vehicles in Andorra there is no more necessity for breadth of road than there is in Venice, and the narrowness of the streets takes away all spaciousness from its "parishes." But in spite of a certain sordidness, Andorra itself derives distinction from its striking situation. It stands on the north side of the valley, on a gigantic pile of granite rock, backed by great jagged hills that cut the horizon like so many sharp-toothed saws. It is built, so to speak, on a ledge, and below it the mountain shelves down precipitously to the valley beneath. The vegetation of the valley is as rich as everywhere else in the Pyrenees. Everywhere you see fields of maize and tobacco plants, while the path on which you walk is overshadowed with mulberry and chestnut trees. The mountains seem to enclose Andorra in fold on fold of iron embrace, standing above it like mighty protectors. On one side of the town stands the palace, conspicuous above all other buildings, while on the other, equally prominent, is the large house of ex-President Durand, who has governed the fortunes of the State for five years. Our reception was favorable in the extreme. The whole place turned out to stare, especially the children, and they all indulged in the fire of running comments, which the An-

dorrans dearly love. Our inn we entered like "Pied Pipers," followed by a host of noisy and inquisitive youngsters. Above their hubbub we tried to make ourselves intelligible in bad French to Montana, the landlord of our inn, whose linguistic accomplishments extended to a queer mixture of French and Catalan. At first the task seemed hopeless, but a friend at Ax had given us a special message for him, and on hearing it his whole manner changed. For the rest of our time he devoted all his energy to making us comfortable at Andorra.

Our first task, after removing the stains of travel, was to put into use the introduction to ex-President Durand, which we had been fortunate enough to obtain from a friend of his at Porté. We emerged from our hotel, which had a comical similarity to a somewhat flimsy side-scene in a provincial theatre, on to the cobbled footway which vexes the soul of man in the streets of Andorra. We passed down the narrow streets, observing the town at our leisure. Those Andorrans who were not in the fields were mostly at work in front of their houses, some of them tailoring, others cobbling, and yet others simply washing clothes. The citizens were friendly enough, and guided us towards the house of the ex-president. Turning to the left, we emerged on a large open space, on the other side of which was a flowing fountain, filling a large square basin of water, in which several women were washing clothes. It was the public washing-place. Behind the fountain rose the big house of ex-President Durand, the five years' president of the republic and the Nestor of this ancient state. It was far and away the biggest house that we saw in the High Pyrenees, and was fronted by an ample garden with a pillared verandah, looking out over the valley. The entrance from the street was humbler, and we found ourselves at first in the usual Pyrenean basement—the haunt of poultry and pigs, and crammed with huge piles of wood cut in blocks for firing, while everywhere hung strings

of tobacco leaves, which the Andorrans smoke in a far more elementary stage than most European races. We mounted the wooden stairs and entered a large, plain, square, lofty room. We handed our letter of introduction to a young girl, who took it across the room to an old grey-haired man, who, in spite of his rough clothes and unshaven face, had a certain indefinable dignity of deportment. Behind him sat an old dame, obviously his partner in life, serenely engaged in sewing, while several children stopped from their play to stare at us open-mouthed. The old dame looked up for one moment while her husband laboriously adjusted his spectacles and proceeded to read the letter. We knew that it was not a very satisfactory introduction, for his business-like *Porté* friend had confined himself to informing him that we were in want of mules. But we trusted to our native wit to use the opening. The old ex-president read the letter very carefully, word by word, several times—for all the world like an old countryman who has received his yearly letter from some distant son, and applies his eyes to an unaccustomed task—and then slowly walked across the room, and politely told us to take seats. He spoke French haltingly, and his vocabulary was small; but for Andorra he was reputed a good French scholar, and after two days of Catalan we were thankful for small mercies. "You want mules?" he said; "you shall have them." The remark was gratifying as far as it went, but inadequate. We said that it was true we wanted mules, but we also wanted something else. We were Englishmen travelling on pleasure, and we wished to hear something about his lovely country. We came to him, we said sweetly, as the man who knew most. We then produced our cards, and the boldest of the three introduced the others in terms of somewhat magniloquent description. The old man slowly perused the cards, and then looked us up and down, with a very slow, searching look, that expressed the whole spirit of Andorran

aloofness and suspicion.¹ "Who are you?" it seemed to say: "are you speculators or intriguers? Have you come to civilize us, or to force us to make roads?" We again assured him that we were simply travelling on pleasure, and we repeated the phrase with every variation available. Then a happy thought seized us. We produced the remnants of our English tobacco—the few grains that the inhabitants of *Sal-deu* had left us—and offered them to him. He looked interested. "English tobacco?" he said, "is it English tobacco?" "Yes," we said, "it is, and we believe that it was of a kind highly appreciated in Andorra." He took a pinch, and rolled himself one of those eternal cigarettes which are the main thing smoked in this region. Afterwards he expressed disappointment, but for the moment he became bland and expansive. We took advantage of his mood, plying him with many questions about the constitution and government of his state. Had they an army? what was the suffrage? what were the taxes? what about justice? schools? police? relations to France and Spain? power of the president? the Assembly? Poor old man! the questions poured in fast and furious from these three inquisitive travellers; the cigarette came to an end; doubts and difficulties were presented to him which had perhaps never arisen in his mind before; waves of puzzled hesitation passed over his face, as he tried to put into a foreign and unfamiliar language the facts about the constitution, which is almost as complicated as it is minute. I dare say that M. Durand is not alone in being unable to explain with lucidity in another tongue the machine which he has worked at so well. Perhaps an English prime minister would not always like to be cross-questioned minutely by three inquisitive foreigners about the constitu-

¹ The Andorran is proverbial in Spain for his power of reticence. In Catalonia the phrase for a man who is dissembling is, "*Que fa l'Andorra*."—"He plays the Andorran." A student of Urgel translated "*Jesus autem tacebat*" as follows: "*Pero Jesus se tracia Andorrano!*" (*Bladé*).

tion of England. The old man stood it for a long time, and told us much; but at last, when we came to questions about finance and the judicial power, the vocabularies on both sides began to fail, and mysterious words emerged at which M. Durand shook his head in bewilderment. At last a happy thought struck him, and rising politely he offered to escort us to an Andorran who knew more French than he, and who, he said, "knows all about the constitution." We had suggested that we should see the president, but that found no favor. "He knows no French at all," we had been told; "he could tell nothing." We suspected a party bias, but held our peace, and followed the ex-president to his French-speaking friend. He kept a general shop on the other side of the square, but trade is not brisk in Andorra, and he had ample time to devote to us. For the next two hours that little shop was full of the hubbub of question and answer, while we probed, as well as linguistic difficulties would allow us, the complexities of this little republican constitution.

And now let me summarize the results of what we gathered in these interviews, checked by information from other sources, and by the observation of our own eyes. Broadly speaking, Andorra is a self-governing community, consisting of six parishes, or *parroquias*, inhabited by a population variously estimated at from six thousand to eight thousand. Their names are Andorra, Canillo, Ordino, Encamp, Massana, and San Juliad. These parishes send four members—strictly, two consuls and two elected delegates—to meet in the General Council, at the capital. But the suffrage is by no means universal. It is limited to fathers of families, with the exception of men over sixty years of age, who are allowed to hand over their vote to a son. Otherwise no Andorran is able either to vote or sit in the Council until he is married and the head of his own household. As for "woman suffrage" we could not get Andorrans to entertain the idea with any seriousness.

They laughed consumedly, and it is to be doubted whether it is extensively sought after among the Andorran women themselves. The Council, thus consisting of twenty-four members, meets annually in the palace, or may be called together in case of any sudden need. It elects a president, and, as in the case of M. Durand, he may be re-elected. The members vote by parishes, and the president, who is also known by the title of "Syndic," has a casting vote. The Council has legislative powers, but *projets de loi* seemed, as far as we could make out, to proceed mainly from the president, and take the form of resolutions rather than "acts" in our sense. In fact, there does not seem to be any written law. Apparently, if a "parish" wishes to introduce a proposal, they submit it to the president and he puts it into form. Such a proposal is then discussed by the whole assembly, and finally voted on. The finance is of the simplest. The machinery of government is so very small—there are, I believe, four officials—that the expenses must be of the slightest. Such as they are, they are covered by a poll-tax on sheep and goats, and a tax on corn. The poll-tax amounts to twenty-five francs in every hundred, and the corn-tax to forty centimes in every hectolitre.

Behind the assembly, and in some cases over it, loom two authorities—the "Viguiers" or "Agents," appointed respectively by the French government and the Bishop of Urgel.¹ In old times, the two "over-lords" of Andorra were the Counts of Foix and the Bishops of Urgel. The rights of the Counts of Foix passed to the kings of Navarre and have now been absorbed by the French republic. The French government appoints a "Viguiers" for life, while the Bishop of Urgel names another for three years, who must be an Andorran. The French Viguiers lives outside Andorra, and both are armed

¹ There is also a *cimissionado* appointed by the Spanish government, but as his rights have been vested for forty years in the military governors of Urgel, he scarcely counts.

with judicial powers of criminal justice, delegated to native magistrates, and finally administered with native assessors. Nothing is more strange or puzzling than this side of the Andorran method of rule. If Tolstol himself had framed the government of Andorra, he could not have constructed anything more after his own heart. "Who looks after your criminals?" we asked the ex-president; "have you any police?" "Oh, no," he said "not a single policeman." "What do you do?" we said; "who arrests them and. looks after them?" "Oh," he said, with a shrug of his shoulder and a wave of his hand, "the peasants do it, the peasants." We returned to the charge. "Where is your prison?" we asked. "Over there," he said, and pointed out of the window at a small dirty structure, resembling a poultry house, with door blocked with stones and the windows broken. "Is there any one there?" we asked. "Oh, no," he said, "there is no one." So much for criminal justice. Civil justice, so far as we could gather, is administered by native judges—in other words, by Andorra itself.¹

Such "politics" as the Andorrans have, in our sense of the word, seem to turn round the various efforts of outside speculators to gain concessions for "opening up" the country. As an instance of this, take the pretty little struggle that took place in 1880. It all arose over an attempt of some speculators, aided by a rich Andorran named Don Guilhem, to form a Casino at Escaldas, and turn it into a second Monaco. The design seems to have been supported by the Bishop of Urgel, but it was opposed by the French Viguiers, and at last the French government

sent a battalion of the line to encamp within the borders of Andorra, and enforce the suzerainty of France. This crushed the design for the moment, but Andorra is at the present time threatened by a second attempt. A company calling itself the "Société Anonyme des Etablissements du Val D'Andorre" has been founded in Paris with a capital of two hundred thousand francs; and what angers the Andorrans is that names of residents are being exploited by the Parisian company-promoters as supporters of the project. I have the prospectus before me. The company propose to found a thermal station, Casino, hotel, and all the other machinery of a French watering-place in the suburbs of Andorra. "A well-stoned road," says this precious document, "leads to Andorra, passing through the six parishes. There will be a regular transport of service for travellers, and goods from France and Spain to Andorra. With a little capital this enterprise will bring in great profits." These statements are ridiculous enough; but the part of the matter which causes most indignation in the capital, is that the company boasts of concessions derived from the council. They boast of a concession for telephones, for new roads, and for many other purposes. Of course we could not discover precisely whether there is any grain of truth behind these boasts, or whether any section of the inhabitants are secretly encouraging these outsiders. But all the Andorrans with whom we conversed loudly protested against them, and seem to vie with one another in their desire to escape suspicion of intrigue with the outsider. I have no reason to doubt their word. What angered us personally most of all was the praise given in this prospectus to the Andorran matches, which are the worst of their kind that the solar system has yet produced.

Andorra has no standing army, and if it comes to fighting they will certainly not be able to meet the company-promoters on the same terms as the Boers. The only arrangements

¹ On this point M. Durand was far from clear; and, in the absence of any stronger evidence, the field is held by Mr. Deverell's statement that the civil judge is chosen alternately by France and the bishop (All Round Spain, p. 276). There are other statements of Mr. Deverell which we were unable to verify, and which "hold the field" in a similar manner; as, e. g., that the judicial expenses are shared between accusers and accused, and that the bishop has complete ecclesiastical patronage for eight months, and shares it with the pope for the other four.

made for combative purposes are that every householder is supposed to have a gun and forty cartridges. We saw some of these guns hanging over various mantelpieces, and it did not look as if they had been taken down for half a century. The total force available could not amount to one thousand men, and the country possesses no military equipments whatever. The real preventive of a Jameson raid into Andorra is that if it came from France it would be stopped by Spain, and if it came from Spain it would be stopped by France. The schools are free. We only saw one, which was being held in the palace, and we were not greatly impressed. Free schools without an education-rate or any compulsion to enforce attendance do not form a very satisfactory machinery, and I do not imagine that education is the strong point of Andorra.

So much for the constitution. Now a few words about the history. By what political anomaly has this strange independent community survived all these centuries in its corner of the Pyrenees? How did it become independent, and how did it remain so? On this point a legend has been in existence for many years, which it seems a pity to disturb. It is not unlike the legend of the death of Roland which sprang up at the other end of the Pyrenees, and created an epic literature for itself. The story is that a lieutenant of Charlemagne, named Louis le Debonnaire, was helped by the Andorrans in an attack on Urgel, and that, in turn, they were given their independence on All Saints' Day, 819. Unfortunately, a French writer named M. Bladé has investigated this matter in the archives of Andorra and Urgel, and his conclusion¹ amounts to this—that Andorra is virtually a survival of the time before the crystallization of the great European states, and has retained its independence owing to a mere freak of history. Andorra, according to this account, is a survival of

feudalism—of a time when justice and war were in the hands of the "overlord," modified by certain rights of self-government in the hands of the people. The Viguier represents the feudal powers; the Assembly at Andorra is the developed form of certain rudimentary organs of self-government. The only change is that while the feudal elements have withered, the self-governing elements have grown stronger. Hence the strange development of a full-blown republic out of a Comté of the Middle Ages.

To put the matter in a concrete form, Andorra was, in the thirteenth century, a "seigneurie" situated in the Comté of Urgel, the territory of the Count of Urgel, under the suzerainty of the Kings of Arragon, who were also the Princes of Catalonia. But certain important feudal rights were also enjoyed by the Bishops of Urgel, or, as it is sometimes called, "la Seu"—"the see." In the course of time this led to that confused division of jurisdiction which finally left Andorra in possession of its independence. For later on the seigniorial rights of the Comté of Urgel that had not been alienated to the bishops passed from the Count of Urgel to the house of Castelbo, and finally from them to the Counts of Foix. But the Count Roger Bernard was not a man to brook divided control, and there were frequent quarrels between him and the bishop. The end of this was the disputants had resort to arbitration, and on the 8th of September, 1278, an award fixed the relations of Andorra to the Bishop of Urgel on the one side, and to the Counts of Foix on the other. In the course of time the rights of the Count of Foix passed to France, but with this exception the decision of 1278 still governs the position of Andorra, and leaves it paradoxically fortified in its independence by a double dependence, and safe in the freedom of a divided control. The political position has always been fully realized in Andorra itself. There never has been any thought of breaking off from either of the feudal "overlords." The Andor-

¹ See "Etudes Géographiques sur la Vallée d'Andorre," par M. Jean François Bladé. Joseph Baer, Paris: 1875. An admirable monograph.

rans of to-day pay France nine hundred and sixty francs a year, and the Bishop of Urgel four hundred and fifty francs, not only without reluctance, but with willingness. At the time of the Revolution, indeed, the tribute was abolished as partaking of a feudal due, but the Andorrans protested so loudly and persistently that the French government were at last fain to change their minds and open their coffers once more to the tribute. At the present day, three Andorran deputies take an oath of allegiance every year to the prefect of the Department of the Eastern Pyrenees, and we saw a proof of President Faure's friendship in a large picture of the Last Supper, which hangs at present in the chapel of the palace at Andorra.

To complete our picture of Andorran government, we spent next morning in visiting this palace. It is an old building standing on some slightly precipitous rocks at the extreme western end of the town. It looks dilapidated and almost ruinous, but is still used as a meeting-place and hotel for the Council when they assemble at Andorra. It is provided with kitchens, stables, bedrooms, dining-rooms, assembly hall, and a chapel; so that the deputies and their steeds can virtually live inside the palace during their stay. The approach is by a very beautiful old door, over which is the effective Latin phrase, *Domus Consilii, Justitiæ Sedes*, with the arms of the Bishop of Urgel and the Counts of Foix. Below are four Latin lines which I took down on the spot. Their meaning is not always very clear, but they breathe a spirit of independence and union:—

Suspice: sunt vallis neutrius stemmata:
suntque

Regna quibus gaudent nobiliora tegi:
Singula si populos alios Andorra bearunt
Quidni juncta ferent aurea saecula tibi ?

We climbed to the first story—the ground floor, as usual, was put to no particular use—and found ourselves in a series of rooms which are all used for State purposes. On the eastern side

was the school of which I have spoken, filled with frescoes new in execution, but like nearly all the art of modern Andorra, quite mediæval in spirit and design. Of the other two rooms in the front of the building, one is the dining-room, the other the Hall of Council. They both look out through large windows on the valley beneath. The dining-room is lined with benches, and plain tables of painted wood. At the top of the room is a picture of the Crucifixion, with the arms of Foix and Urgel on either side. The rafters are tipped with blue and gold, and on the wall is a quaint ornamentation in plaster. The Council Room is much plainer. At the head is a small table covered with plain cloth, with an arm-chair for the president, and a chair without arms for the ex-president. All the other chairs are straight-backed and armless. The walls are lined with hat pegs, and on them were hanging twenty-four three-cornered black beaver hats, and twenty-four long black robes for the use of the Councillors. There was something impressive about the ancient plety and simplicity of the whole scene, and as one looked out of the window on the ample valley and the mighty guarding mountains around, one breathed in the spirit of a republic, free as the hills in which it is embosomed, and as the winds that blow over it.

One last task remained for us before we left Andorra, and that was to see the president. But he proved a most inaccessible gentleman. During the whole day he was out of the town, working on his land—for like many of the Andorran notables, he is a peasant proprietor first and a statesman afterwards. Not to be put off, we sent him a message that we would visit him after dinner, and at eight o'clock we started on a precarious journey along the streets of Andorra. It was pitch dark, and not a single light of any sort appeared in the town, except a few candles and lamps that glimmered in the topmost rooms of the houses. As we stumbled and slipped over the cobble stones, we gradually realized the as-

tounding fact that Andorra had gone to bed! But not all, for from the neighborhood of the palace came the sound of singing, and we crept nearer to hear. A party of shepherds were gathered by the palace wall, and were singing native ballads, alternately weird and grotesque, now greeted with shouts of laughter, and then with a mournfully sentimental silence, until the rough chorus took up the theme of the song, and the rude harmonies echoed through the still town. Everything combined to produce a romantic effect beside which the finest operatic chorus would have been quite prosaic. We held our peace and listened, gliding nearer down a side street; but suddenly the young men seemed to hear us, for the singing stopped, and the night was still once more. So we made our way to the president's house, which lies on the main street, not far from M. Durand's. The house was as dark and silent as the grave, except for a light which flickered in one of the topmost stories, far above us. We knocked, but no answer came. We waited and wondered. Suddenly the truth dawned on us. Tired out with his labors in the field, the wise president, like the rest of Andorra, had fallen asleep! The situation was difficult. Even if we waked him, we could not explain our errand, for he knew nothing but Catalan. And what if he, seized with a pardonable irritation, brought upon us all the terrors of the law? Opposite we could just see the prison in the gloom, and we knew that it was empty. Wisdom seemed to advocate a retreat. Indeed, it was the only possible course. A knock on the door of an Andorran house is calculated to wake the animals, but not the human beings, and our loudest blows on this particular door met with no response. So we turned away, and groped our way home. When we arrived, a message awaited us. The president regretted his inability to see us, but he was suffering from a headache!

Whether that headache was diplomatic or not we shall never tell; on the next morning we had to start at half past six o'clock for our long day's walk to our next possible sleeping-place, *T'rbia*. It was a Sunday, but it proved more than a Sabbath-day's walk—indeed, we did not arrive till close on nine o'clock that evening. We reached the frontier of Andorra by nine o'clock in the morning, passing through San Juliad, and completed the long valley that penetrates the republic from end to end. San Juliad is one of the six parishes of Andorra, with a population of five hundred inhabitants. It is a bright and picturesque little town, Spanish in all essential characteristics, and a reputed centre of the smuggling trade. In the morning light, it appeared cleaner and more civilized than any other parish of Andorra, with its shutters of green and yellow, its groups of red-capped Andorrans in their Sunday best, and the gaily caparisoned mules, covered with long red tassels, in front of the village inn. San Julia looks more prosperous than the capital, but Andorra, it must be remembered, is not well placed for smuggling purposes. A few miles beyond, the valley broadens out, and turns to the south, bringing us suddenly to the Spanish frontier and custom-house. A group of dirty, ill-looking ruffians, with their uniforms in tatters, sat in front of a house marked "*Carabinieri del Reino*," sheltered by an awning, and engrossed in a game of cards. They were the soldiers of his Most Catholic Majesty; and this was Spain.

We had come back to the common, civilized world of standing armies, custom duties, highways and passports. And during the hour that was spent by an unshaven, domineering custom's officer in unloading our mule, we had ample leisure for many a pleasant recollection of and regret for the republic we had just left—an oasis of mediæval freedom in the middle of much-governed modern Europe.

HAROLD SPENDER.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE ETHICS OF LITERARY FORGERY.

A couple of books which I have been reading lately have started my mind off upon a small tour of reflection—have awakened it, moreover, to a more or less penitential mood, not common perhaps amongst such of us as frequent the flowery paths of fiction. Both these books are translations, both are translations from ancient Irish manuscripts, and both—if one to whom the originals are sealed fountains dare hazard an opinion—have been put into English with singular skill and judgment. One of them is the "*Silva Gadelica*" of Mr. Standish H. O'Grady, well known already to every lover of archaic literature. The other is a much less well-known book, in fact, can hardly be called a book at all, since it is merely a reappearance in bound form of certain papers which have appeared from time to time in the *Revue Celtique*, and is known as "*The Rennes Dindsenchas*."

When I have said that its translator and editor is Mr. Whitley Stokes, I have said all that requires to be said as regards its erudition. Something may still remain, however, to be said upon the matter of style. It is perfectly possible for a man to be a very eminent scholar and philologist without having at his command an English which fits his ancient author, instead of misfitting him, and in which that author's somewhat stiff archaic limbs can move and bend at ease. Such a style is not at every one's beckon. To be at once supple and vigorous; clear, and suggestive; simple, of course, above and beyond all things, yet for all your simplicity to have an eye always for the absolutely right word—which right word may now and then be a very out-of-the-way one—to do all this, and to keep to the letter of the law in the matter of translation, is to attain to something very like high art. Yet all these qualifications are necessary if the translation is to be a success.

For in order to fail it is not necessary for a man to write positively badly! He may do it at a good deal less expenditure of self-respect than that. Let

him only allow himself to be betrayed into any touch of modernity—hateful word!—let him employ but a single syllable that recalls to-day in any of its hundredfold aspects; to-day's newspaper, to-day's novel, to-day's anything; nay, let him merely allow us to perceive that he is aware of being himself a man to to-day, and the spell is broken! Illusion spreads its wings, and flies. Our carefully preserved atmosphere shudders around us like a badly shifted transformation scene. We discover in a moment that it is no longer our archaic author, but quite another sort of person who is addressing us, and the translator may be the first of living philologists for anything I know to the contrary, but so far as the pleasure of mere outsiders like myself is concerned he might as well never have attempted his translation at all.

In the case of both these books, the reader feels from the first page that he is safe. And although as regards the one translated by Mr. Whitley Stokes the nature of its subject might seem to take it out of the category of the books that one reads for pleasure rather than information or edification. I have not found this to be the case. On the contrary, there is something about its peculiar formlessness, something about its very irrelevance and scrappiness—the scrappiness, it need hardly be said, is the original author's, not Mr. Stokes's—which I have more than once recently found myself relishing when a more strenuous or sustained work would probably have failed.

As to who that original author was, and how he came to write his book, I know nothing beyond what the first few pages tell me; namely, that the translation is made from the fifteenth-century manuscript preserved in the library of Rennes; that there are six other copies in existence, all in a very fragmentary condition; that in its original form the "*Dindsenchas*" was probably put together in the eleventh, or first half of the twelfth century, and that it consists of "a collection of stories (*senchasa*) in Middle-Irish prose and verse, about the names of noteworthy places (*dind*) in

Ireland—plains, mountains, ridges, cairns, lakes, rivers, fords, estuaries, islands, and so forth."

As an Irish guide-book, I had better hasten to state, it will not be found to suit every tourist! Despite this exhaustive list of the subjects of which it treats, it did not in any way anticipate Mr. Murray, still less that ideal guide to Ireland which has yet to be written. Its nearest modern analogue is perhaps Dr. Joyce's well-known "Irish Names of Places," though here also the later work has nothing to dread from its fore-runner. On the whole, its most marked characteristic is its impartiality. Every section begins with an inquiry as to how the particular place in question received its name, and the answer always follows with the utmost promptness, "*Ni ansa*," "Not difficult." Thereupon ensues the explanation, with which you are probably perfectly satisfied, or would be, but that you have no sooner come to the end of it than another explanation equally probable, or improbable, starts up, and is offered to you as its rival.

For instance, of *Laigin*, now *Leinster*, we are told that it is from

Laigin or *laginā*, that is, from the broad spears which the Black Foreigners brought with them from the land of the Gauls. Two thousand and two hundred was their complement. Along with Labraid the Exile, that is Moen, son of Ailill of Aine, that army went.

Or—an *or* invariably follows—it is from

the spears adorned with gold and silver which the craftsmen of Ireland gave Labraid the Exile, that is Moen, when he and Ernoth son of the king of Denmark came and destroyed the kings round Cobthach Coelbreg in Dind Rig.

Or again—there is no end to our author's conjectures—it is from

Laigin, quasi *laeg-fine*, the family of the seed of *Laegaire* Lorc. . . . Three names had they [the Leinstermen], to wit, *Fir domnann*, *Gailcoin*, and *Laigin*, and it was the *Gailcoin* that nourished Labraid during his exile in the lands of the Gauls.

In the same way we desire possibly to know the origin of *Naas*, near *Punchestown*, and we promptly learn that

Eochaid the Rough, son of *Dua* king of Ireland, made a proclamation to the men of Erin to come and cut down the Wood of *Cuan* with *laigin* (broad-bladed lances), bill-hooks, and hatchets in honor of his wife *Tailtiu*. . . . So in a month they cut down the wood. . . . And he asked whether any of the men of Erin had shirked the work. *Bri Brúglas* answered, "Ireland's three rath-builders, *Nás*, and *Rone*, and *Ailestar*, the three sons of *Dornela*." "Let them be killed for this," quoth *Tailtiu*. "Not so," says Eochaid, "'tis better they should live than die, but let them keep on building raths." "So be it," replied *Tailtiu*; "let them build three raths for me." Then *Nás* dug his rath, and this is its name *Nás*.

This is all very satisfactory, or would be if it were not that a few lines later we learn that

Nás and *Bói*, two daughters of *Ruadri*, king of Britain, were the two wives of *Lugh*, son of the *Scál Balb*, "the dumb Champion." Now *Nás* was the mother of *Ibec*, son of *Lugh*. . . . There *Nás* died, and in *Nás* she was buried, hence it is called *Nás*.

And so on right through the book. One explanation is hardly given before it is ousted by another, and that in its turn by a third, the author himself having apparently no preferences, and no reason for considering one origin of a name a bit better than another, till the reader is left at last afloat upon an illimitable ocean of conjecture, and probably ends by declining to believe in any of these elaborate explanations.

Fortunately, it does not in the least matter, seeing that a pedantic thirst after absolute accuracy is about the last thought with which one approaches such books as these. What we do seek for we find here in abundant measure, although the treasure is a little obscured under this formidable mass of information. Perhaps the happiest fashion of approaching the book is to open it here and there at random, and take what the gods send, feeling pretty

confident that some dim but not unsuggestive ray of antiquity will leap out to gladden your eyes. That some of the stories told are rather ugly, there is no denying. One or two are even disgusting, while a considerable number are either horrible, or else puerile. Enough, however, remains, when these are deducted, to make it a very genuine addition to the too short list of early Irish books which the outsider is able to read and to enjoy. The very names alone are apt to give such an outsider a not perhaps entirely rational satisfaction. "Iuchna Curlylocks," "Eochaid the Rough," "Athirne the Importunate," and a score more of the same sort. As regards style, although the scrappiness of its sections prevents the stories from having that sustained beauty which we find in the longer tales of "Silva Gadelica," there is no lack of touches full of the peculiar charm which belongs to such literature, and, so far as I know, to it alone.

Here, for instance, is such a touch:—

Uinche went from the battle of Ath Cinn Mara, which he had fought with Find, and came to the foot of Druim Den, between two waters. . . . And he divided his men into three sevens, to wit, a third for felling the trees, and another third for slaughtering the people, and the third third for burning the forts and the other buildings. After a year Find returned from the east, and saw his fort quite naked, smokeless, houseless, fireless—grass-grown too, quite naked.

Could anything express more perfectly the utter extremity of the desolation which had fallen alike upon the fort and its unhappy master, than those last two lines? "What! all my pretty chickens and their dam!" poor Find, like Macduff, might have exclaimed. Perhaps you will say that in this you discern the translator's hand, so let us take another example a few pages further back.

Here we learn that a fair was ordained to be kept by the Leinstermen of South Gabur, that is to say, by the men of Ossory, upon the first of every

August. And if they continued always to hold it they were promised

corn, and milk, and freedom from control of any other province in Ireland. That they should have men, royal heroes, tender women, good cheer in every several house, fruits, and nets full of fish from their waters. But if it was not held they should have decay, and early greyness, and young kings.

That last touch is very characteristic, young kings (i.e., chiefs) being amongst the worst of the many curses of the wretched peasant following of those days.

Of deliberately poetical description there is not much in the book. What there is, however, is good, as for instance in the accounts of the visions of Cathair Mor, who saw in his sleep a damsel who was "the river which is called Slaney," and beside her he saw her son, who was the lake that was born of that river:—

A lovely hill was over the heads of them both, higher than every hill, with hosts thereon. A shining tree like gold stood on that hill; because of its height it would reach to the clouds. In its leaves was every melody. And its fruit, where the wind touched it, speckled the ground.

Or, better still, the following legend:—

A birdflock of the Land of Promise came to welcome Saint Patrick when he was on Cruachan Aigle, and with their wings they smote the lake, so that it became as white as new milk. And this is what they used to say: "O help of the Gaels, come! Come! Come hither!" That was the invitation they had for Patrick. So Patrick came to the lake, and blessed it. Wherefore *Findloch* "White Lake" it is called.

Enough, perhaps, of extracts, though I would willingly give more, the rather that the "Rennes Dindsenchas" is not likely to be in many hands. What have been given will be enough to show that the charm is just the old familiar charm, the charm that meets us in all the sagas, and nearly all the legends, whether their original home was the Hebrides, or Scandinavia, Iceland, or

Ireland. What that charm precisely is, or rather what the elements are out of which it is composed, it is less easy to say. That it is a genuine one and that it appeals to a good many readers is clear, since, in spite of that almost in-artistic addiction to blood-shedding which ought to make such literature abhorrent to an age as shrinking as ours, we find that it is nothing of the sort. On the contrary, its popularity seems to be even on the increase, and is likely to be so, as far as one can judge, for a good many years to come.

Possibly the joys of discovery count for something in the matter. We dip again, and yet again into these mysterious waters of antiquity, and each time we flatter ourselves that we have extracted some new archaic gem, some hitherto unnoticed treasure, some still more amazing fashion of approaching the eternal subjects of love, hate, murder, slaughter, revenge, and so forth; something, at any rate, which no one but ourselves has ever observed before, and which no one after us will perhaps ever take the trouble to observe again.

Personally—though I confess the illustration may appear a trifle far-fetched—it has always recalled the somewhat analogous joys which are to be found in the pursuit of "surface towing," if any reader of this review has ever shared in such a pastime. Armed with a long muslin bag or net, which you tie to the end of your boat, you row leisurely along, your eyes fixed upon the surface, in search of certain medusæ, chain salpæ, Portuguese men-of-war, and similarly glassy or semi-glassy denizens of the deep. Generally you fail to see any of them, and go home vowing that their existence is a mere zoological myth. At last a balcyon day comes. The sea is dead calm; the water limpidly transparent. Little by little, as you peer below the surface, strange, crystalline-looking objects begin to mount towards you, each with a peculiar heaving motion of its own, all, or nearly all, glassily transparent, all extremely uncanny to look at, yet often curiously beautiful; each a living individual, or

perchance a living community, for these creatures lead for the most part an eminently communistic existence. They are so unlike anything that you probably ever saw before that it is only while they are actually under your eyes that you seem able to take in what their make and semblance is, and even then you are puzzled to give a name to it. Are they of the nature of bells? or of the nature of flowers? or of balloons? or what? And this odd, convulsive, heaving movement—this systole and diastole, as of a heart acting on its own account, without any body to sustain it? Are we to call it swimming, or floating, or what? In what fashion do the creatures behave when they are at home? How do they feed, communicate, make love, and in what manner generally is their mysterious existence carried on?

Long before you have time to answer any one of these questions, a breeze has probably arisen. Your unearthly-looking visitors have sunk from the surface, trailing their long peduncles, or their endless glassy bells behind them, and disappeared. So completely have they disappeared that you find yourself considering whether you had really ever seen anything, or if it was only some odd iridescent condition of the water that had for a moment deceived your eyes?

Something of the same sort of baffled yet fascinated perplexity is apt to take hold of the mind after a prolonged contemplation of these waifs and strays of an irrecoverable past. Here, too, we begin to perceive that there is a good deal of a sort of primitive complexity, combined with a still more obvious primitive simplicity. Here, too, we have to rub our eyes from time to time, and to ask ourselves how such oddly behaved beings managed to eat, drink, sleep, marry, and carry on the ordinary course of existence—during those brief intervals, that is to say, when they were not actually employed in killing one another!

It is so extremely improbable that we shall ever learn much more about these matters than we do at present, that it

is as well, perhaps, to restrain such curiosity, and surrender ourselves singly to their charm; a charm which once you have surrendered yourself to, it is very difficult to shake yourself free from again, and which may even—if you are a scribbling person—come to exercise an odd effect upon your own after-history.

For this is the point towards which I have all this time been travelling! From admiration to imitation is with some of us not a very long step. A rash one, I am willing to admit, but for that very reason all the more enticing. A sudden desire comes over the admirer to try whether he too cannot play some little tune of his own upon these archaic pipes, whether his own fingers cannot awaken some feeble echo of that melody which so charms him in the original. Pens and paper being fatally handy, the temptation becomes irresistible. The *cacoethes scribendi* develops itself in its most virulent form, and almost before he has begun to realize what he is about the deed is done!

Even now, even after he has actually yielded to the temptation and perpetrated his doubtless somewhat pitiable imitation, the literary adventurer might escape blame, if only he would have the sense to keep his transgressions to himself. Consigned to the safe keeping of his bureau—better still, of his waste-paper basket, first and most valuable of all the aids to literature!—they would do him no particular discredit. Writers, however, are not a reticent race, and sooner or later even the least admirable of these *péchés* is apt to struggle into daylight. It is at this point that the matter becomes serious, and that the question arises with regard to which I would earnestly crave a dispassionate opinion. Let us suppose that our literary adventurer *does* yield, and that he has even been so far deserted by his good angel as to print and publish his imitation, is he henceforward to be regarded—I am asking the question in all seriousness—as a lost soul, as a pernicious and a perjured forger for so doing?

Observe that the answer to this ques-

tion does not in the least depend upon how far such attempts are, or ever can be, successful. The bar before which our imaginary author is standing is not a literary or an æsthetic, but a purely and most formidably *moral* one. It may certainly be a comfort to those who take an austere view of such transgressions to know that as a matter of fact they almost always do fail. This, however, has nothing to do with the matter. On the contrary, from the point of view of their inherent immortality, the nearer that the imitator went to success the deeper would be his guilt! Supposing—I say supposing, because one may really suppose anything—that for once he did *not* fail—supposing that he succeeded in producing so ingenious an imitation, so steeped in the colors of his elected period so discreet in its modifications, so slyly, delicately archaic in all its details as to deceive the very elect—what then? Would his guilt be thereby lessened? On the contrary, it is clear that from our present point of view it would only be increased tenfold.

And this is really the gist of the matter; so, for fear of any misunderstanding, I had better repeat it. It is not a question as to whether we ever *can* succeed in such imitation, but as to whether we ought to wish or even to *try* to succeed. The point may appear to be one of the smallest possible importance, especially considering the infinitesimal value of most of such imitations, but it is not quite so small as may at first appear, and has decidedly larger bearings.

For to write badly is after all only to prove oneself human; but to go about telling—worse, printing—lies is surely the very superfluity of naughtiness? Yet this, or something very like this, is what you find you are regarded as doing if you allow yourself to print what any one—the least informed, the most careless reader in the world—could possibly mistake for a genuine transcript from some ancient work or manuscript. Suddenly, to your unspeakable dismay, you find that you are regarded—and by the last people probably by whom you should wish to be so regarded—as a dis-

honest person, a literary humbug, a jay dressed up in peacocks' feathers—an impostor, in short—one who, not content with tampering profanely with things too high for him, goes out of his way in order to try to deceive his betters! Really it is not necessary to be ultrasensitive, or to take any very exalted view of your own virtues in order to wince before such an accusation as that!

And the worst of it is that upon mature reflection the culprit begins to take part with his accusers, so far at least as to perceive that there really is something to be said for their point of view, and to wonder a little that it had not struck him before. To "invent a saint" for instance! Stated thus plainly and baldly, it certainly does seem to be an indecorous, not to say profane proceeding. When charged, moreover, by his archaeological Rhadamanthus with the offence, and asked for his excuse, the offender can only feebly stammer out that he "really meant no harm." Naturally Rhadamanthus declines to accept such lame excuses as these, and who shall call Rhadamanthus ungentle, unfair, for so doing? I am afraid I cannot!

A less lame and not a less truthful excuse would have been for the culprit to declare that the imitation was not, upon his honor, half so much meant as a deliberate attempt to deceive Rhadamanthus or any one else, as a more or less conscious putting of himself into the same mental attitude and above all into the same environments as his originals. There are days, and there are assuredly scenes, when this old and vanished world—call it early Christian or late Pagan as you like—is not half so completely vanished as most people imagine; scenes where it does not need to be very deeply versed in the lore of primitive monk or of Ossianic bard in order to feel that some dim belated survival of their spirit is hovering mystically around you still. The dead past of any given region is seldom absolutely dead, and in some moods and under certain skies it is often surprisingly, even startlingly alive.

The Atlantic is perhaps of all still ex-tant and surviving magicians the most potent in this art of conjuring up and rejuvenating a world which has never entirely ceased to rustle and whisper along his shores. Place yourself also there, and listen with sufficient docility to his rather inarticulate teachings, and there is no knowing what important secrets he may not some day murmur suddenly into your ears. Emanations with the very thinnest of white misty finger-tips may be seen to flit silently out of the seaweeds, as you crunch your way homeward towards evening over the rocks. Incorporeal presences—which can be perfectly well seen so long as you do not look directly at them—peer suddenly at you from behind some glittering rock, or glide away into deeper water as you run your boat in-shore. The changelessness of everything above, about, and around you, comes to the aid of the illusion. Why should only the men and women; why, still more, should those unseen presences who took so keen an interest in the men and women, alone have vanished, when rock and stream, hill and glen, cloud-filled sky, waste of silvery water, and purple stretch of plain or bog, are all so exactly the same as they have always been?

A good deal of talk goes on in these days about the Celtic spirit, but does any one really know what that spirit is? Has any one ever tracked it to its secret home; ascertained where it was born and of what elements it was originally composed? If we look at it closely and quite dispassionately, is it not nearly as much a topographical as either a philological or an ethnological spirit? Certainly if "the breath of Celtic eloquence" is not also to some degree the breath of the Atlantic, I should be puzzled to define what it is. So soft, and so loud; so boisterous, and so heady; extremely enervating, according to some people's opinion, but oh, how subtly, how fascinatingly intoxicating, it is certainly not the property of any one creed, age, or condition of life, any more than it is of any one set of political convictions. We can only say of it that like other

breaths it bloweth where it listeth. There is no necessary connection between it and the Clan-na-Gael, any more than there is between it and Landlords' Conferences or Diocesan Synods. Nay, may we not even go further? May we not say that a prosaic pure-bred East Briton—the child of two incredulous Bible-reading parents—may in time grow positively Celtic in spirit if only he will surrender himself absolutely to these influences; if only he will fling away his miserable reason, and refuse from this day forward to disbelieve anything, especially anything that strikes him as absolutely impossible?

And is not the converse proposition at least equally true? May not a very Celt of the Celts—an *O* or a *Mac* into whose veins no minim of Saxon blood has ever entered since the Creation—become so un-Celtlike in his inner man, so be-Saxonized if one may use the phrase, in the atmosphere of caucuses and committee rooms; so appallingly practical, so depressingly hardheaded, nay—if the corruption be carried far enough—actually so logical, that at last, as a Celt, he cannot, strictly speaking, be said to have any existence at all?

My austere friend Rhadamanthus, however, sits by with bended brows, and sees neither point nor application in all this nonsense. Under that chilling glance our poor little excuses melt and wither away like the ghosts of the past before the tests of the present. Literary forgery is for him literary forgery, and imaginary saints are imaginary saints; and the fact that the forgery was only half intentional, and that the saint has at least some of the traits of his originals, and, as regards the use of the miraculous, really makes fewer claims upon credibility than his genuine brothers, avails nothing before that incorruptible censor.

Being unable, therefore, either to corrupt or to appease Rhadamanthus, there is nothing for it but to appeal to a wider circle, and ask for a little direct guidance upon a point not without importance to the craft to which a good many of us have the honor to belong.

For let not any brother or sister romancer, however wary, imagine that he or she is perfectly safe from similar accusations! If the rash purveyor of imaginary sagas and chronicles stands in rather more immediate peril, any unsuspecting novelist, in the ordinary practice of his calling, may one of these days discover that his feet have been caught in just the same uncomfortable moral quagmire. He has constructed, we will suppose, some harmless little figment, based upon the past, and, having done so, naturally proceeds to provide it with its appropriate puppet. He places his legend in the mouth of some imaginary narrator; he further thinks it necessary, possibly, to provide it with a preface, purporting to be by some equally imaginary editor. He may even carry his system of calculated deception so far as to indicate the particular trunk, hollow tree, chest, or similar receptacle in which he assures his public that the original documents were found. These preliminaries over, out trots the little impostor, and proceeds to strut and to gambol about with as much air of reality as his creator is able to endow him with.

Naturally he seldom succeeds in taking in any one, and a tolerant smile is about the most violent form of applause which his efforts awaken. Now and then, however, it happens, generally from some purely accidental circumstance, that he does succeed for a moment in passing off as what he professes to be. Just for a brief instant, never longer, the little rascal passes muster, until, detection falling suddenly upon him, down he topples, his carefully painted mask falls off, his gaily bedizened mummer's weeds are plucked from his shoulders, and he disappears into one of those innumerable dust-bins which yawn for old clothes, for broken toys, and for ephemeral literature.

Peace be to his harmless ashes, seeing that he but shares the fate of incomparably greater and more ambitious efforts! Not at all peaceful, however, may be the effect of that brief appearance upon the unfortunate inventor. It was once upon a time the fate of the

writer of these very lines to receive a letter from an esteemed, although personally unknown, correspondent in which the following words occurred: "If your book" (naming the poor de-funct puppet) "really is by the person it purports to be by, I find it very interesting. If on the other hand it is a fictitious narrative *invented by yourself*, I cannot say that I consider such deceptions as justifiable."

Now, will any one kindly say what answer a story-teller is to make to such a letter as that, if, indeed, it is not safer, as well as even civiler, not to answer it at all? Really, poor Master Mercurius is to be pitied, and has fallen upon evil days. He tries to amuse his honored patrons; he does his little best; he skips and capers about with all the art he can muster. No lofty purposes has he. He knows nothing of such matters. He is only a rather indifferent actor, and his business, like any other actor's, is to carry on his little illusion to the end, and then to retire quietly behind the scenes. He succeeds perhaps for the moment almost beyond his expectations, and lo! when he looks, if not for applause, at least for tolerance, he hears himself hooted by his audience as a "forger" and "impostor." After this it strikes me that he had very much better vanish entirely from the stage, or at any rate confine himself to reciting moral tales, and the strictly veracious "fairy tales of science" for the remainder of his days.

His great elder brother—he who handles the lyre—never had his liberty curtailed in this autocratic fashion! Apollo has always been allowed to do exactly as he likes. Apollo may pretend to be anything or any one he pleases. Apollo may embroider to his heart's content. Apollo, I feel sure, might even "invent saints," and no one would be so rude as to call Apollo a forger for so doing. That the gulf between the brothers is vast I admit—far be it from me to seek to diminish it. So vast that the loftier one might fairly decline to acknowledge the relationship, or at least declare that it had never been spoken of openly in the family. In

spite of this haughtiness on the part of Apollo there are enough traits in common, however, between them to establish that such a tie does exist, and in any case the more obscure, the less considered, the less respectable even a claimant for justice, the greater the need surely that it should be strictly and even amply meted out to him.

Plainly, what the situation requires is some authoritative tribunal, one that would decide upon such points as we have just been considering, and pronounce upon them finally. Similar tribunals, I have been given to understand, sit to decide the equally knotty points which arise in connection with the games played out upon the board of green cloth. Our little game of fiction requires to have its laws no less rigidly defined, indeed in one respect it requires it more, seeing that cheating—scandalous as that may sound—actually forms an indispensable part and parcel of our calling. Let us hasten then to discover such a tribunal, and, when we have found it, let us submit ourselves cheerfully and whole-heartedly to its rulings. Before allowing our vagrant pens to take any further liberties with kings, queens, bards, chiefs, culdees—with any one that belongs to the past, but especially with *saints*—let us ascertain how far such liberties are permissible, and how far they are not; what in short is to be regarded as honest cheating, and what as dishonest. Where such an absolutely authoritative tribunal is to be found, and who the literary Cæsar is that we are to get to preside over it, I confess that I do not at the present moment perceive. Doubtless, however, it might be found, and then all our woes would be at an end. Henceforward it would only have to speak, and we should obey. I appeal unto Cæsar!

EMILY LAWLESS.

From Temple Bar.
THE ROMANTIC SIDE OF MONTAIGNE.

An accomplished writer of the day has left an unfinished romance in which he

has introduced as characters three notable men of the sixteenth century—Ronsard, Montaigne, and Bruno. The career of any one of the three might readily lend itself to effective romantic treatment, and form the centre of a fascinating story, without the writer having to draw largely upon his historical imagination. Bruno has himself furnished the framework and the dialogue of a historical romance in those symposia of his, the scene of which is pitched in the England of the spacious days of great Elizabeth, and the threads of the political, intellectual, and social intercourse between Scotland and France could, without doing violence to historical truth, be gathered up in Ronsard. But Montaigne is even more adaptable to the purposes of the romance-writer than Ronsard or Bruno. Not only was he, on the spiritual side, susceptible to the many and varied influences of the time in religion, philosophy, science, and art, but he was in closest contact with the social and political life of France. It is an erroneous view that pictures him as a philosophical recluse who shut himself up in his library before he was forty to meditate upon the meaning of life. He was emphatically a man of his time, and the dramatic interest of his career consists in this, that he abandoned the pursuit of his own ideal and retreated to his castle, not *pour mieux sauter*, but because, so far as he cared thenceforth, the field was lost. His retirement was a confession that he had no desire to mend the time.

And in the apparent hopelessness of the outlook there was some excuse for indifference. It was an era of chaos. Under cover of the warring strife of factions, private revenge and personal ambition were active in fomenting crimes innumerable. As it has been epigrammatically expressed, one could never be certain in those days whether the sunlight in the distance gleamed from the sword or the sickle—whether the smoke rose from the stubble or the village steeple.

On the other hand, the time was also one of new ideas and larger outlook.

Nor was the civil strife entirely destitute of redeeming features. Although fraternal hatred may have been the dominant note in the strife between Catholic and Huguenot, still there were surely some who were actuated by the loftiest motives; there were courageous men and women in all the factions; pure-hearted devotion and the masculine virtues had not quite forsaken the land. Mr. Stanley Weyman is not, we hope, mistaken in supposing that there were men as valorous as the "gentlemen of France" and women as true as the proud lady he wooed.

In the unfinished romance to which reference has already been made, Mr. Walter Pater's theme is rather the inward than the outward life of his hero, and we are led to anticipate the solution of the plot in the attainment of "peace—the harmony of the heart with itself," and not in any external satisfaction. Such being the nature of the story, Ronsard, Montaigne, and Bruno appear rather as landing-stages in a spiritual progress than as men. While on artistic grounds this may be a justifiable device, we do not know but that the object might be equally well served by associating the hero of a romance with the real Bruno, the real Ronsard, or the real Montaigne, rather than with the brilliant epitome of a system or the epigrammatic generalization of a tendency. As a formative force a living personality is superior to the abridgment of a book.

Montaigne lived some fifty-nine years in the world, and, although the time during which his essays more or less engaged his attention bulks most largely in the eyes of those who never tire of their charm, it was not of most importance to Montaigne himself. We are sometimes apt to fall into the mistake of supposing that because we know many of the details of his life, because he confides to us his likes and dislikes, and shares with us his speculations on the deeper mysteries of life, that we know Montaigne the man. We are told, for example, that he learned to lisp in Latin, that while quite young he became familiar with Virgil and Ovid, Terence

and Plautus, not as writers of school-books, but as authors in whom he took a real interest. We know, moreover, that while he was versed in the humanities, he could never learn to swim, fence, vault or leap; that his only exercise was riding, and he could sit in the saddle all day; that he had no voice for music, and could not play on any instrument. But obviously a man might have all the accomplishments and defects we have mentioned and not be Montaigne or anything like him. We do not know a man by reading over a catalogue of his accomplishments, or even by mastering a subtle analysis of his philosophical opinions.

We have a hundred estimates of Montaigne the essayist for one we have of Montaigne the man. Yet Montaigne the man is a subject of great interest. Of his college days, of the French student-life of the time, of the scenes in the Guilenne Rebellion, of which he was a witness, there is much could be told. How he ran the career of folly, "youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm," how he enjoyed to the full the life of that old Paris of which he was so fond, we are apt not to see when we regard him as an essayist, and nothing else, instead of as a man of the world, and a man of the world of that time. We are apt to slur over the fact that he was familiar at the court of the Valois kings, and that he was no stranger in the camp. He was present at some of the critical battles and sieges of the period; he saw one of the kings of France who enjoyed his acquaintance killed in a tilt; he accompanied another to Lorraine to be present at the marriage of the duke to one of the French princesses; he knew and often met Mary, Queen of Scots, at the French court.

Talent, according to Goethe, is formed in retirement; character in the active life of the world. Montaigne's talents were shaped under the superintendence of his father, who followed an original and sound system of instruction with great success; his character was formed in the dissolute society of the Valois court. But happily the fashionable life

of old Paris was not the only formative influence of his life. Before the years of his youth were quite spent he formed that memorable friendship of his with Boetie—a friendship which, although its duration was only too brief, left a lasting impression on his character. Montaigne and Boetie had heard of and liked each other before they actually met, and from the moment of their meeting to the death of Boetie, six years later, they were the closest and most devoted of friends.

Whether, as has been conjectured, it was the influence of Boetie which withdrew Montaigne—who at the date of their first meeting was about twenty-four—from his indulgence in the pleasures of the capital and the court, one does not know. But beyond question it is impossible to form a true conception of the man until we have realized the influence Boetie exercised over him. For Boetie is one of the most attractive characters of the time, a man of real genius, and the Frenchman perhaps who had it in him to evolve order out of the chaos of civil and religious strife. He was a born leader of reform and a foe of despotism long before the Revolution was dreamt of. What manner of man he was we may gather from sentiments like these, to which he gave expression in a treatise written in his early youth:—

Let us give them (despots) nothing, and they will dry up and die like trees, the roots of which are deprived of nourishment.

You sow your fruits that he may ravage them; you furnish and fill your houses that he may have something to steal; you bring up your daughters that he may slake his luxury; you bring up your sons that he may take them to be butchered in the wars, to be the ministers of his avarice, the executors of his vengeance; you disfigure your forms by labor that he may cocker himself in delight and wallow in nasty and disgusting pleasures.

To understand Montaigne, we must remember that the man who entertained notions like these was his dearest friend; that he was devoted to him as he never was to any one else in the

world; that their souls "mixed and melted into one another so completely that there was no trace of the join left." Indeed, this friendship was the great fact of Montaigne's life.

Had Boetie only lived, how different might the life of Montaigne have been! Perhaps there would have been no essays, but in their stead something which, excellent though it might have been, would have given the world less delight. Or quite as likely he would have been known in conjunction with his friend as a great statesman, one of the makers of a better and more prosperous France than the world has yet seen. What a chance for France if she had had a man like Boetie at the helm in those critical years! But such was not to be, and at one time France seemed on the point of losing not only Boetie but Montaigne also.

Gaston de Latour in Mr. Walter Pater's story mounts the tower at Chartres, and looks over "the south-west country of peach-blossom and vine which sometimes decoyed his thoughts towards the sea and beyond it to "that new world of the Indies," which was held to explain a certain softness in the air from that quarter."

Boetie and Montaigne in their time turned their eyes to the sea with other thoughts than Gaston's. For when confusion and discord appeared to be coming to a height, that young apostle of liberty proposed to his friend that they should together bid a long adieu to their native land and seek a new home on the other side of the Atlantic.

Doubtless [he wrote to Montaigne and his friend Belot] the gods, when they resolved to devastate Europe by war, and changed the aspect of our fields deserted by laborers, prepared a new world for the people to fly to; and this is the world which now in this age has arisen out of the sea. There we are told the earth shows scarcely any sign of inhabitants; the light soil waits for the crooked plough, and having as yet produced nothing, asks for cultivation. There boundless fields acknowledge the first-comer as lord, and become the property of the man who tills them. There lies our path! Out with

the sail and the oar! From that distant shore I shall not see, despairing, thy agony, O France! I shall not see thee throw up thy arms to the angry gods! There, far from civil war, I will choose an abiding-place, and as a stranger will cultivate my humble domains. There, with you, oh, my friends, whatever place be allotted to me, I will take refuge from my country's ruin.

While he was under the spell of his friend we can well believe that Montaigne was infected by his heroic mood, and that he would have been ready with him to work out his destiny in exile. The essayist is apparently as far removed as we can possibly conceive from our Pilgrim Fathers in thought and feeling. Yet nearly a century before them he may have seriously contemplated expatriation for reasons similar to those which actuated them. The new world with its aborigines, who were reported to be without magistrates and without law, and yet to live more happily, honestly, and regularly than civilized Frenchmen, always commanded his curiosity and admiration. A state of nature was, to his mind, a state of happiness. Boetie's exhortations were in harmony with those Rousseau-like doctrines of his which were always obtruding themselves in his mind. They appealed to his earliest associations. It was part of his father's scheme of education to accustom him to hardship and the meanest and most common way of living. With this end in view he sent him when a child to be brought up among the villagers, and to this he ascribes the "very kind inclination to the meaner sort of people" which he always claimed to possess. Nevertheless, one cannot easily imagine him settled with some of the peasants from his estate on a domain in the New Arcadia, raising wheat and corn crops from the virgin soil, smoking his peaceful pipe before his log-cabin of a summer evening, and chatting with Boetie and Belot of the old country and past times. It was, however, we may venture to fancy, one of the might-have-beens of his life, for, under the influence of Boetie, with that strong friend by his

side, he might have done much, and whether in exile or at home would have attained to a manlier and more consistent character than the writer of the essays suggests.

It was not, however, to be. Boetie died, and Montaigne, left alone, forsook the field, resigned his office in the parliament of Bordeaux, married (but not his first love), and sought in his château a refuge from the worries and temptations of a world turned topsy-turvy.

So it is sometimes said with an eye to effect. But his retirement was not so absolute as is sometimes supposed. He emerged from his retreat oftener than we have record of; and on those occasions on which we see him make his excursions, he does not bear much resemblance to the recluse of conventional fancy or to the prototype of a Pilgrim Father. Nine years after he had, like a rescued mariner, hung up his votive tablet at Montaigne, he put out to sea again and made the grand tour through France, Germany, the Tyrol, and Italy. The record of his travels does not betray any failure of zest in the pleasures of life. He enjoys the Tyrol, and evinces an appreciation of the beauties of hill and valley and stream that is quite modern. He sees the sights, explores the curiosities, mingles freely with the society of the towns at which he halts, is feasted and entertained, and entertains and feasts in his turn. He is as frisky as a young man who has just escaped the surveillance of tutors and governors. At one place where the ladies affected a masculine fashion of attire, he tells us how he pretended to mistake a damsel for a student and opened a conversation with her in Latin—and this is only a mild example of his regardlessness of decorum. As a quondam lover of liberty he hungered to see Venice; but the Venice he describes is not the Queen of the Adriatic, or the Venice of Antonio, Bassanio, Portia, and Desdemona, but the Venice of Byron's Beppo, "the seat of dissoluteness;"—

Of all the places where the Carnival
Was most facetious in the days of yore,

For dance, and song, and serenade, and ball,
And masque, and mime, and mystery, and more
Than I have time to tell now, or at all,
Venice the bell from every city bore.

And it is the same with all the other Italian cities at which he touches, the only relief from the monotony of pleasure-seeking being a visit to Tasso at Ferrara. At Rome he made a long stay. There was, he found, more of modernity than of antiquity about it; nothing was the same as in ancient days except the blue sky overhead and the site; what people called the ruins he thought like a tomb. As Bellay, who was of a like opinion, put it:—

It's like a corse drawne forth out of the
tombe,
By magicke skill out of eternall night.

But he does not break his heart for the change that has come over the mistress of the world. He applies for and obtains letters of citizenship. He lives at Rome as the modern Romans do, and its diversions, ecclesiastical and social, suit him admirably. "Of melancholy, which is my death, and of ennui, I have no opportunity, neither without the house nor within."

There are many things about this Italian visit which do not fit in with the notion one might form of the man from his essays. He says, however, somewhere: "To the Ghibeline I was a Guelf, and to the Guelf a Ghibeline;" and this is true of him in all tempers and moods. At one time we find him (the philosopher who regards such things as vanity) making a pilgrimage to Loretto, lavishing his crowns on ecclesiastical wares, and placing in the church a tablet representing himself, his wife, and his daughter on their knees before the Virgin. At another he is giving a ball at Della Villa and presenting prizes to the girls and men who have distinguished themselves. "I went about looking now at one and now at the other, and I always gave weight to beauty and prettiness, observing that the pleasure of a ball depended not

solely on the movement of the feet, but also on the countenance, the air, the good demeanor, and the grace of the whole person." In the midst of his pilgrimings and frivolities, which are not always worthy of the man, it is to his credit that he sometimes falls into painful thoughts of Boetie, and remains "immersed in them long without coming to myself."

From his unphilosophical recreations the errant recluse was whisked away to Bordeaux to undertake the duties of the mayoralty, an office which he filled for four years. And an excellent, just, and enlightened mayor he, in some respects, was, even according to the most advanced modern notions of just administration, though at the time of the pestilence he played a less noble part than King Humbert did in recent years at Naples.

These events carry us forward fifteen years from Montaigne's supposed retirement from the world, and they serve to show that there is a side of his life other than that presented so prominently in the essays.

The notion of bringing a young humanist, as Mr. Pater does, to sit at the feet of Montaigne is an appropriate one enough, for he himself says: "If there be any person, any knot of good company in France or elsewhere, who can like my humor and whose humors I can like, let them but whistle and I will run." It is worth while, however, to contrast the ideal disciple of the romance-writer with an actual disciple of historical fact. The disciple of Montaigne *par excellence* came to him, not in the form of a clerk in orders, but of a beautiful and accomplished young lady; not before the publication of the essays, but when his career was drawing near a close. Just about the time of Montaigne's marriage there was born in Paris a girl named Marie de Gournay. Marie was educated by her mother, not only in the housewife's arts, but, like Lady Jane Grey, in the new learning. When quite young she read the first edition of the essays, and, girl-like, fell in love with the writer. She longed to meet him, and her opportunity came

when he visited Paris in 1588. By this time she was a young lady of twenty-two. Montaigne found the city much changed from what he knew it in his youth. The Guises ruled the roast, as Montaigne discovered to his discomfort, for, before his final departure from the city, they lodged him in the Bastille as a hostage, and he was only released by the intervention of Catherine de Medici, who was an old friend of his. But the unpleasantness of his visit and the absence of familiar faces were more than compensated for by his meeting with Marie de Gournay. Marie introduced herself to him in a letter in which she gave expression to her hero-worship. Montaigne was flattered, as well he might be, by the enthusiasm of his fair disciple. He called upon her next day, and there and then was concluded an alliance which is one of the most remarkable in the history of literary friendships. He adopted her as a daughter, and this is, no doubt, a true description of their relationship.

I have taken pleasure [he writes] in publishing in many places the hopes I entertain of Marie le Jars de Gournay, my daughter by adoption; and, certes, loved by me more than paternally, and enveloped by me in my retreat and my solitude as one of the best parts of my own being. I look to none else in the world but her. If adolescence can foretell anything with certainty, that mind will one day be capable of the finest things; and among others, of the perfection of that very sacred friendship to which we do not read that her sex has been able to ascend. The sincerity and solidity of her manners are already sufficient warrant of this. Her affection for me is more than superabundant; and in truth is such, that there would be nothing to alloy it, if the apprehension of my death, on account of my being fifty-five years of age when she met me, did less cruelly disturb her. The judgment she formed about the first essays, she being a woman, and in this age, and so young, and the only one who did so in her neighborhood; and the famous vehemence with which she loved and desired me, merely on account of the esteem she formed of me, a long time before she saw me, are accidents very worthy of consideration.

Like his friendship with Boetie, Montaigne's friendship with Marie de Gournay lasted only a few years. It was ended by his death. She did by him as he did by Boetie. She accepted the duty of literary executrix, and to her we owe the complete and final edition of the essays; and, as an able biographer remarks, in her indefatigable old maidenhood, when the new century was far advanced, she was ever ready to defend the reputation of her master.

The actual disciple, as we see, came to Montaigne the man; the disciple of the romance went to Montaigne the essayist; and the essayist he remained to him even after nine months' intimacy. Nor is there anything incongruous in such a conception. To an ingenuous clerk in orders Montaigne would have appeared an exemplary and entertaining host. Riding along the country roads on the crisp autumn mornings, or at evening, up-stairs in the library, in the lamplight, he would have discussed every subject under the sun with the liberality of a cultured man who had laid himself open to the influence of his own and all preceding times. He would have tumbled out his notions and whimsies as a schoolboy empties out the contents of his pockets. He would have amused his guest with many a racy story illustrative of his own foibles and failings. But who could adequately compress the essence of hundreds of such conversations into a chapter or two of a romance? And when the feat had been accomplished, what should we have gained? We should have got an indication of the talents of the essayist; we might even have got a glimmering of the temperament of the man. But temperament is only the passive side of character; and in order to reveal character we should be made see the conduct of the man in a critical situation. It is possible to do this with Montaigne. There is more than one dramatic crisis in his career, but we think his fate for better or for worse was determined at the death-bed of Boetie. The essays will never lose the charm which they have exercised

for three centuries, and the essayist will never cease to attract; but the Montaigne who appeals most strongly to the imagination is not so much the essayist as that even more interesting Montaigne to whom Boetie wrote: "You whom the anger of the gods and cruel fate have condemned to live in this sad time, what say you? What are the dictates of your heart? For my part, only one idea is present to my mind, that we should fly on the paths of fortune, and escape on steeds or in vessels from our abandoned hearths."

One of the characters in "Wilhelm Meister" says that "America is here or nowhere." Montaigne found his America in France, but whether he used his "here" well or ill is a question which may be left unsolved.

From Longman's Magazine.

PAGES FROM
THE DIARY OF PARSON
PARLETT.

January 8, 1667.—Forth to Brackminster, by appointment, to meet with the bishop, who hath given me the living of Sternax, newly vacated.

His lordship very courteous and did offer to lodge me that night. But I was anxious for Dorothy, she being all alone, and did think of it the more that 'tis now two years to that very day that her dear mother did leave me a widower, to my unceasing sorrow.

Yet the good bishop would have me, at the least, dine with him, and did hasten the meal for my greater expedition. A good dinner of roast pullet and sucking pig, but I have drank better wine. I was not, I fear me, the good company I generally be.

In Sternax parish, as my lord bishop did privily inform me, there be a man of strange life and behavior, albeit of good substance and position, one Sir Ralph Brant, whom Mr. Thorp, the former parson, now dead of the jaundice, did ever regard as a thorn in his flesh.

On my asking wherein he did more particularly offend, "Nay, that," quoth

the bishop, "I cannot precisely tell. But Mr. Thorp did ever complain of him as a pagan man who did set a bad example to the parish, nor would accept his pastor's guidance in the matter of almsgiving. Yet I am bound to say that my nephew, who did meet with this same Sir Ralph in foreign parts ere he came into his inheritance at Sternax, ever spake loudly in his praise, as a most excellent good young man and a valiant. And 'twixt you and me, Mr. Parlett, your predecessor, though a worthy man and a pious, was wanting in discernment."

I was a little downcast at the thought of so contrary a parishioner, which the bishop perceiving did lay his hand kindly on my shoulder.

"Be of good cheer!" said he. "What though the man be an odd fish? 'Twill be for you to angle for him and draw him to land by virtue of your office!"

Thence, parting from the bishop with his blessing, to the White Hart Tavern, where I had bestowed my nag, and whence I did homeward wend me in company of Mr. Thrupton, of my parish, whom, being originally from Sternax way, I did cautiously sound as to Sir Ralph Brant.

"'Tis a man," quoth he, "I have never seen, but have heard strange things of would fill a book."

Whereupon he, being a merry man and of a pretty enough wit, did, to my great content, fall to beguile the way with talk of this Sir Ralph. I will briefly set down one or two things he did tell me.

Some three years ago, Sir Ralph being but newly come to Sternax, a couple of footpads, bold knaves, did stop several that journeyed that way, leaving them ever the poorer for the meeting. At length the rascals did wax so impudent as to strip a wealthy grazier to the skin and then truss him like a fowl to a stake passed under his bent thighs, and was found next morning under a hedge well-nigh perished with cold. Now Sir Ralph, when he heard it, did disguise him with a mock white beard, and bowing his shoulders did shape himself as an aged man, and

leaning on a crutch did go that way of a moonlit night. Up to him the two ruffians and did jeer him, and were for treating him like the rest, when he out with a stout cudgel from under his cloak, and, being a marvellous strong man, did trounce them both and tie them back to back. And the end was they were lodged in Brackminster jail, where the grazier did swear to them and were both hanged.

Here be another tale. Sir Ralph did chance to be passing through Sternax village one day, when he heard words between a widow woman and her grown son. The mother was entreating her son to turn the dung-heap aside from her cowhouse door lest she should soil her skirts going to milk.

"And think ye I be going to soil my hands with the dirty work?" cried the sulky lout.

Up steps Sir Ralph. "Yes, my man," quoth he quietly, "and not only so, but you'll wash the stones for a path for your mother when all is done."

Which the man did as meek as a lamb, under the shadow of Sir Ralph's sapling staff.

"And now for your pay," said Sir Ralph, with a queer smile, "follow me."

And the rustic followed him, not knowing what to think, till they got out of sight and ken of all men into the heart of Sternax Common, where Sir Ralph did baste him right heartily with his oaken stick.

"And now be off and be a good son to your mother, or there'll be another pay-day."

And from that day no saint could keep the fifth commandment better than did Toby Sikes.

At which hearing it did seem strange to me if Sir Ralph were not the best beloved man of that countryside.

"Nay," quoth Mr. Thrupton, "'tis not so. For he hath a strange twist of temper and consorteth but little with his fellowmen. Nor will he brook intrusion on his privacy and detesteth to see a stranger on his domain. As to womankind, he doth so abhor it

(despite his goodness to the village widow) as he will have all his household work done by men, nor will even have a female wash his clothes, but the gardener must do it; slovenly, no doubt, but of that his master reckoneth little. There be rumors that, being once crossed in love, it hath soured the man. However this may be, he is, though young and comely and of a most distinguished presence, of so grim and stern a mien that men fear more than they love him."

"And is he sound for Church and king?"

Mr. Thrupton laughed right merrily.

"Why, for aught I know, and so he may be! But he hath deserted Sternax Church since his quarrel with Parson Thorp a year ago last Martinmas. This was how it befell:—

"There was little love betwixt the two, and the parson had been reproaching him for laxity in churchgoing, being perchance secretly vexed that when he did come he ever fell asleep at the sermon. But one Lord's Day Sir Ralph did not slumber thereat, for the discourse was discharged full at his head. He heard himself likened to moody Saul vexed with an evil spirit, and hurling javelins of despite at the David of the pulpit who would fain have harped to him the soothing melody of true doctrine and sound advice. And all in so pointed a manner as to draw the stare of the congregation upon him. And Sir Ralph did sit on with folded arms like to a stone figure. But when the preacher went on to compare him with Nebuchadnezzar, driven for his sins to a lonely life far from the haunts of men and eating grass as oxen ('twas another craze of Sir Ralph's never to eat butcher's meat), up he got and was walking out of the church, holding himself mighty stiff and straight, when a fat and wheezy old dog of the parson's which was wont to lie on the steps of the pulpit did come to meet him, wagging its stump of a tail. The wrathful man did raise his foot in act to kick, but did of a sudden change his mind and did pat it on the back instead. Lord!

how I should have loved to have seen it all!"

I could not help but join in Mr. Thrupton's merriment; yet was I inly grieved as well for Mr. Thorp as for Sir Ralph; good men both, yet blind to one another's virtues and seeing only one another's defects. That matter of the dog should have healed their feud.

January 9.—Did arrive home and found Dorothy, to my joy, in good health and of gay spirits, and did rally me on my good fare at the bishop's, which was better, she would have me note, than the Apostles'.

But I, too, was in pleasant mood, and made answer that they dined off fish fresh caught, which was a tit-bit Brackminster, being inland, knew nought of, whereat she did break into merry laughter, which was music to mine ears.

She be vastly handsome, my Dorothy, and light-hearted withal, as a thrush in the copple on a summer's day.

April 10.—We are arrived at our new home and find the house but a sorry one. Yet is the garden marvellous pretty, with yew-tree hedges cunningly trimmed and many sunny nooks wherein to sit—a thing to which my predecessor was more given than most of his coat, being a sickly man and ever of a great languor in hot weather.

Dorothy and I be already drawing plots of alterations in the house which, methinks, will be for the better and, doubtless, more to my daughter's liking, Mr. Thorp having been unmarried, so that less did content him.

Nor will Dorothy have me forget mine own comfort, but hath herself devised a room for my books and to compose my discourses, which pleaseth me vastly. And she hath moreover planned for me a bowling alley in the garden.

April 12.—I have to-day seen, but from a distance only, Stark Hall, the abode of Sir Ralph Brant, who, I find, owneth the bulk of this and other parishes hereabout; a fine house, but of an

appearance most forbidding for the neglect it shows.

April 29.—'Tis strange how Sir Ralph comes not to church. It cannot be that he hath heard my sermons ill reported of, for the people, and notably the younger men, do flock to the church every Lord's Day. And Mr. Bullamy, the churchwarden, tells me 'twas but a thin congregation in Parson Thorp's time—the main old women and children, and for the most part sad and sorry sermons.

But Sir Ralph I have not yet seen, nor hath he made me welcome.

Now my Lord Trusfit, in my last parish, was ever careful to do everything for my content, and was wont to show me great civility—venison twice a year and a runlet of his best wine every Christmas—so that Sir Ralph's coldness irketh the more.

Yet would I not judge him hastily. Perchance he be warped of some trouble beyond the common.

May 3.—Dorothy, God bless her! be growing into much favor in the parish by reason of her kind heart and winning ways, and is already known and loved of all my poor people. And in sooth the maid be a passing sweet maid and the apple of mine eye.

May 15.—Am newly come from the village, where he tales that Sir Ralph is wont to set man-traps and such-like heathenish engines in his woods, which I be loth to credit and so be Dorothy.

June 15.—Since my last writing things so strange have befallen that, in the telling thereof, I deem them worthy of more fulness and precision than is my wont.

'Twas nine o'clock at night on May 19, when, after we had supped, a knock came at my door, that Farmer Thribble, of Hebbleston, was took of a sudden worse and would fain see me.

"Alack, poor soul!" cries Dorothy, "'tis he of whom I heard yesterday. Dame Powlett would have it he hath been ailing ever since his ague!"

And she did hasten to fetch me my warm cloak for fear of the night air. The messenger, a raw country lad, did

guide me to the farm, which, being on the uttermost border of the parish, I had not hitherto visited.

I found the farmer very sick of a dysentery, and after tarrying some time with him—I would fain hope to his comforting—I turned me homewards, telling the lad that I could fare right well alone. For the youth was heavy-eyed by reason of the lateness of the hour.

I was gotten as far as a great oak, which I had noted in coming, when I sat me down on a bank to rest, for 'twas a tiring walk and I be not a robust man. And I bethought me that surely must be hereabout a shorter way home than the road, which did seem to bear away from the direction I would go. So musing, mine eye lit on an old stile, partly blocked by brambles in the hedge, and peering through I did descry the path making straight for my haven, or so it did appear.

And, in the dim light (for the moon was rising, but not yet free of the mists), a nightingale burst into his song in the underwood. This did decide me.

So I did push me a way over the stile, through the briars, and so along the path with a light step and heart. But anon the track did grow less distinct and did seem to fork out in different directions, to my great puzzlement, so that I did lose me in the wood.

I was bethinking me how Dorothy would be alarmed at my delay, when something did close on my right foot, above the ankle, with a cruel grip. The pain was such as I could scarce endure. At first I thought 'twas some wild animal had bit me, but 'twas a steel trap that did close with a spring. Do what I would I could not rid me of the hellish thing, though I made shift to undo my buckle for the easing of my foot.

And it came as a flash to me, that here was Sir Ralph's wood and I caught in one of his traps!—a sorry plight truly for a parson of a parish; and my silk stockings too all rent and

bloody, for I had not changed into my woollen, because of the haste to start.

For a space mine anger was hot against the man who had devised such deviltries. But, I bethought me, the engine was not there of set purpose to catch me of all men, and that in sooth I was where no business called me. What would the bishop say should it come to his ears?

By this the late moon was risen, and had I been otherwise placed, I had enjoyed the gentle beauty of the night. And, despite my disorder of mind and body, I could not but mark the delicate tracery wrought by the shadows of the young foliage. Moreover, the song of Philomel that had lured me thither was now grown into a chorus.

One thing I was plain set on, and that to keep off, an 'twere possible, the faintness which did begin to creep on me. For I knew that, if haply I were to fall in a swoon, 'twould be the breaking of my leg.

So I did chant me the Litany, what I could remember (and was ashamed how little I could without book), and did sing some hymns to beguile my mind.

I was drawing me a breath at the end of a verse when a voice, mighty deep and stern, spake out of the bushes hard by.

"Thou psalm-singing, crop-eared cur! I'll teach thee sing another tune—" There was a pause as of one amazed, and a tall man did forth of the covert.

"God save my wits!" quoth he, "whom have we here?"

I essayed to draw me up with somewhat of dignity, though it did sore hurt my foot to do so, and made answer to the ranger, as I thought him.

"'Tis I, Timothy Parlett, Master of Arts, charged with the spiritual cure of this parish, and am caught in a snare, thinking to have reached home the sooner—"

But he had already stooped to release me.

"Gad, sir," said he, "you adorn the position! Were I in your case, small stomach, troth, were mine for singing."

And I did perceive, by the quaking of his broad shoulders, that he was deeply moved by pity of my plight.

Anon he had got the iron fangs open and I was free. But hereupon Nature did seize her opportunity of requital for the pain and loss of blood, and I had fallen had he not caught me in his arms. And I felt myself being swiftly carried homewards.

The motion did so sooth me as I fell on a kind of trance, wherefrom I did awake to find me in mine own bed, but very weak.

And I did hear as in a dream my dear daughter's voice, saying, in hushed tones:—

"I fear me the limb be sorely injured."

And the deep voice of him that did rescue me made gentle answer:—

"Nay, young mistress, comfort thee. 'Twill soon heal. There be no injury to the bone of any moment."

Again my Dorothy spake, and her great love for me did tremble in the words:—

"Was it a savage dog, think you, sir, that did set on him?"

"'Tis no dog's bite."

"What then, good sir?"

A space did follow of silence so deep as I did hear plain the faint patter of the ivy on the lattice. And I did lie idly waiting for the answer as though 'twere a thing I had heard long ago.

"'Twas one of Sir Ralph Brant's man-traps."

And I saw the shadow of my Dorothy on the wall as she did rise to her feet in a blaze of wrath.

"Were the coward here," cried my girl, "I would box him his ears!"

"Coward or no," quoth the other, "here he be, and submitteth him to thy just punishment."

And I could see his shadow kneeling at her feet.

But for all answer Dorothy did sink on her chair in a storm of weeping, and "Cruel! cruel!" she did murmur 'mid her tears.

Whereupon my weakness did again overcome me, and I knew no more till the sun was high in heaven.

Neither my daughter nor I sought to other living creature of the events of the night, and made some excuse for my keeping my bed, even to our old serving-woman, Deb, who had been long abed when I was brought home.

The next Lord's Day, my kind neighbor, Doctor Shelton, of Threllick, did undertake my duties at the church, having by good hap a visitor in his house, to wit Mr. Ford, of Cambridge, who did undertake his.

Doctor Shelton be an excellent, worthy man, but an indifferent preacher (Mr. Bullamy says the drowsiest, save Parson Thorp, he did ever know), so that I marvelled the more that Sir Ralph should go to hear him. Yet so it was—the first time for many months, in brave attire, Dame Powlett tells me, and did look like a prince of the blood.

Now Dorothy had told me naught of this, nor could I gather that she had observed it. However, the second Lord's Day after my accident I got to church by help of a stick and Dorothy's arm, and did note that the cobwebs were brushed out of Sir Ralph's pew and new cushions, and anon himself did arrive mighty fine, and hath a very distinguished air.

As I was robing me for the service, Mr. Bullamy came to me.

"A wonder hath happened," quoth he, his face red and eyes round: "'tis come to my knowledge that last evening he" (there was but one "he" in Sternax) "hath took up all his man-traps and buried them in a big hole in Thorlop Bottom, and the paths through his woods be now free for the villagers to use as they list!"

I did mark how Sir Ralph did attend closely to the sermon, and did join in the singing bravely and with much skill of music. But my Dorothy, that was ever wont to sing like a lark, was to-day mum as any mouse, which did a little vex me.

And in sooth my girl be grown very silent these days, and her old sprightliness doth seem to have left her. I pray she have not taken my hurt over-

much to heart. That were folly seeing I be, save for a limp, well-nigh healed, though a scar there will always be.

I had thought to thank Sir Ralph privily after the service, but he was gone. 'Tis almost as though he did avoid us of set purpose. Perchance he may have took offence at Dorothy's words of that night. But I have said nought of this to her, nor knoweth she that I did chance to hear them.

We were wending us homewards slowly (for my lameness) when we heard the sound of horsemen riding towards us, and anon two mounted galleys came to view.

We had withdrawn into a grassy nook at one side of the road to give them the freer passage by a duck-pond on the other, when they did check their horses, and much to my disquiet I did perceive that they purposed some rudeness. (For the times be unruly from the license of the court, which setteth a pestilent example. This I say that be a loyal king's man to the core, and ever have been.) They were both bravely dressed young bloods, and did ride very good cattle.

"How now, Father Winter?" quoth one; "how comest thou in company of Spring?"

"Mount up, hither, fair maid," quoth the other, "and ride with us. 'Twill be the merrier."

"Gentlemen," said I earnestly, "will it please you go your way and let us take ours?"

"Softly, sir," cries the elder and more evil-looking of the two (to my mind), I would fain first taste that lady's lips. For, Gad, sir, they tempt a man devilishly."

And he dismounted, and tossing his bridle to his friend came towards us. My daughter screamed, and I did put myself in front of her with sore misgiving, for he was a strong man and taller than I. But just as he was laying his hand on my cloak I did hear Dorothy say very softly, "Thank God!" and who should step out of a gap in the hedge behind us but Sir Ralph Brant. In two strides he had got one hand on the collar and the other on the

belt of him who was molesting us, and had swung him off his feet into the deepest part of the duck-pond. The other gallant waited not to see more, but spurred away like the wind, taking his companion's horse with him.

Sir Ralph took a pistol from his girdle and was for aiming at him, but Dorothy put her hand on his arm. He turned his head towards her, and I saw a marvellous tender look soften the stern face as their eyes did meet.

"So be it," quoth he, lowering the weapon, "yet did he richly deserve it, were it but for deserting his friend yonder."

And he pointed to the further side of the pond, where our fine gentleman was now crawling out covered with slime and duckweed, wigless, and his gay feathers drenched and bedraggled with the muddy water like to a wet gamecock. 'Twas a sight none of us could forbear to laugh at, so sorry a figure did he cut.

We did leave the fellow to find him his trusty friend, and so on to my house, where I did persuade Sir Ralph to dine with us, and were right merry over good but simple fare, to wit, boiled chicken and gammon of bacon, with bread and fruit; and our guest did much praise Dorothy's conserves.

After dinner Sir Ralph and I sat on a bench in the garden under a fine spreading beech-tree. 'Twas sweet summer weather, and we had our wine on a small table, Dorothy being seated on a low stool at my feet sewing.

And I, knowing Sir Ralph to be a man better travelled than most, did draw from him some account of his journeyings.

So he did fall to talk of them—mighty good discourse, and 'tis plain to see he be a man of great understanding and observation.

And I did note, when he was telling of a most terrible storm that did burst on the ship he was in off the African coast, and of his danger and being like to be lost, how my Dorothy's cheeks did pale as she did bend over her work.

But what followed did mightily divert me, more than they guessed.

It befell thus.

Sir Ralph was discoursing of a certain slave-merchant in Algiers, and how he did ill-treat his slaves and did lash one—a young girl naked to the waist—with a knotted cord. And I saw Dorothy's work fall out of her hands, and her eyes did flash and her bosom heave, and anon up she springs, and did knock her stool over in the act.

"The evil brute!" cried she, "I could——"

"Box him his ears?" asked Sir Ralph demurely, whereupon they did both burst into hearty laughter, Dorothy with a heightened color which did vastly become her.

"'Twas the very thing I did," said he, "and did relish the doing, though it did well-nigh get me in trouble with his countrymen. But you did promise, Mistress Dorothy, to show me your garden. Will it please you to do so now?"

They were soon lost to my sight behind the yew-tree hedges, and being a thought drowsy after the labors of the day, I did fall into a light slumber.

The next I remember was Dorothy's arms round my neck and her soft lips on my cheek. I did rouse me, and saw her sweet face full of a great happiness, so that her eyes did shine like stars.

"I have told your daughter, Mr. Parlett," said Sir Ralph, "the story of my life. 'Twas a woman that clouded it, and a woman may restore its sunshine. Will you give Dorothy to me, if she be willing to try, as I think she be?"

And for the great love I bare her I could not say him nay.

R. PARDEPP.

From The Sunday Magazine.
WHERE THE QUEEN WORSHIPS.

From earliest childhood, the queen has been an assiduous attendant at divine worship. It is not improbable

that while residing with her mother in the "old court suburb" after the death of the Duke of Kent, the first church she ever went to outside the palace, was the unsightly brick structure in the middle of High Street, now superseded by Sir Gilbert Scott's magnificent edifice of stone, whose towering steeple proclaims it far and wide as St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington.

Within the limits of a magazine article, it is manifestly impossible to write fully upon the subject of the numerous churches that her Majesty may have attended at different periods of her life. For, as a child, in whatever part of the country she happened to be with her royal mother, she was regularly taken to the parish church, and, no doubt, joined in the loyal prayers for King George the Fourth and "all the royal family," little realizing, as her small-voiced "Amen" arose to heaven, that her own name would one day be substituted, throughout the British empire, for that of her uncle.

This paper is intended to deal only with those places of worship that are connected with the queen's residences, viz., the Chapel Royal, St. James'; the private chapels at Buckingham Palace, Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral; St. George's Chapel, Windsor; Whippingham Church; Crathie Church, and the Prince Consort's Mausoleum at Frogmore; though this latter—save for occasional services held there in the summer—is set apart for solemn anniversaries.

Neither at the Chapel Royal, nor at the private chapel at Buckingham Palace, has the queen been present at divine service since the death of Prince Albert. But in her early married years, and while the chapel at Buckingham Palace was being arranged, she used regularly to attend the Chapel Royal, where so many a sovereign before her had worshipped. The royal closet—in reality a small room—occupies one entire end of the chapel, and is approached from the apartments in the palace by a narrow stone corridor on the same level. Its occupants can be clearly seen only by the officiating clergy, and by the members of the household and others

sitting in the galleries on the right hand side of the royal closet.

Perhaps the most touching, because the most national, associations of the place, are with George III., whose unceasing attendance at early prayers in all weathers wore out not only his wife and family but every one else, and some sympathy must have been felt for the unfortunate equerry compelled to be present even when half frozen with the cold. Everybody has heard how the old king used to beat time to the anthem with his music-roll, letting it drop upon the powdered heads of the pages below if he saw them talking or inattentive.

From St. James's is but a short walk to Buckingham Palace, and at the private chapel there we glance, before noticing the royal places of worship at Windsor, Osborne, and more distant Balmoral.

Formerly there stood in the Buckingham Palace garden two conservatories, built in Ionic style. One of these, the southernmost, was converted into a chapel, its roof was raised, all the necessary fittings added, and when the transformation was completed, it was consecrated in March, 1843, by Archbishop Howley. Its origin accounts for the very light and unecclesiastical appearance it presents. The aisles are formed by two rows of fluted columns with gilded capitals, and the queen's gallery is supported by some of the Ionic pillars from the screen at Carlton House. The general plan of this chapel, which is quite small, is very similar to that so often seen in old-fashioned places of worship. Thus, all along the middle of the nave are low pews facing the altar, flanked by others *vis-à-vis*; and one entire side is almost monopolized by the organ, which is slightly raised above the floor level. The altar is perfectly plain, but over it hangs a panel of magnificent tapestry representing the baptism of Christ. At one side of it is a finely carved marble pulpit, which had to be moved from its place—a somewhat difficult task—on the occasion of the last royal wedding. The ceiling is diapered with colored panels, and is lighted by a clerestory of glass. Both coloring and

decoration are most brilliant, almost startlingly so, and it requires some time to realize that this is a place devoted to sacred, and not to secular purposes—lilac, crimson, and lavender hues everywhere predominating in the gayest fashion. It is said that nothing has been altered from the original scheme of decoration as approved by the late prince consort, all his ideas on the subject being scrupulously maintained. One end of the chapel is occupied by a wide gallery approached by a narrow passage. In front of the gallery, significantly facing the occupant of the pulpit, is the inevitable clock, but of very small proportions.

The queen and royal family used to sit in the middle division of this gallery, the ladies and gentlemen of the household and occasional visitors being on each side of the royal pew. The choir was supplied from the Chapels Royal, and the services, as a rule, were conducted by one or other of the domestic chaplains, the Sub-Dean of St. James's or one of the bishops. But these services, which her Majesty and her beloved consort attended so regularly, were discontinued in the fatal year 1862. An effort was made in 1863 to resume them, and to have, as at St. James's Palace, nine o'clock morning prayer with sermon, a twelve o'clock supplementary service commencing with the Litany, and five o'clock evening prayer. But the idea was abandoned, and has never been revived.

At Windsor, in days gone by, "when all the world was young," her Majesty's custom on Sundays was to drive—though sometimes she walked—from the Upper Ward to the Deanery, passing by way of the ancient cloister to the royal pew in St. George's Chapel, where, except in very severe weather, she always worshipped. Every one is familiar with the glorious choir in St. George's Chapel, and the ornate gallery jutting out high on the north wall over the altar, looking like one of the projecting latticed windows so common in Egypt. This gallery is fitted up for the accommodation of the sovereign, and is very beautiful, the chairs and curtains

being of Garter blue, and the windows richly adorned with stained glass. Gazing at it from below, who does not recall the memorable day in March, 1863, when a solitary figure in deepest mourning stood there so bravely and nobly to witness her eldest son's marriage, while the greatest sorrow of her life was tearing at her heartstrings?

But for thirty-five long years the queen, when at Windsor Castle, has exclusively used the private chapel there, or the Prince Albert Mausoleum; never, it is said, having been present at St. George's on a Sunday since 1862. At the east or farther end of St. George's Hall, the private chapel is easily accessible from the domestic portion of the castle, and only a little over one hundred yards from the queen's private apartments in the Victoria Tower. It has no windows, and is lighted entirely from above, so that in the absence of sunshine the effect is rather gloomy. Somewhat peculiar is the arrangement of the pews, owing to the octagonal shape of the building. Her Majesty's pew is in a kind of recessed gallery facing the altar, the officials and the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting occupying a gallery of the same size on each side of her. Right and left of these, respectively, are two other galleries, one for visitors at the castle, and the other appropriated by the organ and choir. These five galleries, together with the recessed sanctuary, the reading-desk, and the pulpit complete the octagon. All the servants present sit below, and on a bench just underneath the royal pew, one of the chief officials has his particular "sitting," which for many years was the favorite seat of General Sir Thomas M. Biddulph, formerly keeper of her Majesty's privy purse. Sir Walter Parratt is the organist, and the choristers—four in number—are specially selected from St. George's Chapel. Hymns Ancient and Modern are used here, as also at Frogmore.

The queen often attends morning prayer at the Mausoleum. Frogmore, where the dean frequently preaches, or—as at the private chapel—one of the bishops who may be visiting the castle.

Overlooking the pleasant valley of the Medina, where "the salt sea-water passes by, and makes a silence in the hills" stands the parsonage of Whippingham Church, associated for so many years with the kindly presence of Canon Prothero, who, it will be remembered, died very suddenly in 1894, to the great regret of the queen, by whom he was highly esteemed.

A stranger to the place, on approaching the church would find it hard to discover any sign of the tower or village whose spiritual needs the sacred edifice is intended to supply, the dwellings of the scanty population being widely scattered. Yet for over seven centuries its bells have summoned generations of simple-minded country-folk from far and near to worship the God of their forefathers.

Originally built by the Norman monks of Lyra, in the year 1100, this church was solemnly dedicated to St. Mildred, a name familiar enough a few years ago to thousands of busy city-going people, who, as they passed through the Poultry to the Mansion House, looked up at Wren's church, with its square tower surmounted by a gilt ship in full sail. In the course of time, St. Mildred's, Whippingham was enlarged, and on several occasions restored, but in the year 1862, under the wise direction of the late prince consort, it was re-built as we now see it. Of early English architecture, it possesses a nave, transepts, and choir with side aisles. From the centre of the building, dividing the nave from the chancel, rises the tower, ornamented by four small pinnacles which produce a rather novel, but not altogether pleasing effect. There is a fine lych-gate, and the south aisle of the chancel has a private entrance for her Majesty and the royal family. In the upper portion of the tower is a beautifully painted dome, and a lantern-shaped story filled with stained glass. This exquisite colored glass is introduced everywhere practicable throughout the building.

The entire southern side of the chancel is reserved for her Majesty's use, and excellent arrangements have been

made to ensure her a certain amount of seclusion and protection from the too obtrusive gaze of strangers, who come from afar on the mere chance of obtaining a peep at the queen at her devotions. Her Majesty, however, now seldom attends Whippingham Church, more often using the private chapel at Osborne.

In the north aisle rests the mortality of poor Prince Henry of Battenberg, whose sad home-bringing across the ocean must have recalled to many an aching heart Lord Tennyson's pathetic lines upon his friend Hallam:—

Calm as the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

But Prince Henry's tomb is not the sole reminder of the gaps made by death in the queen's family circle during her long reign. To the right of the royal pew, and also at the back, are memorials to the prince consort, Princess Alice, the Duke of Albany, and to the Princes Sigismund and Waldemar, aged respectively two and eleven years, sons of the Emperor and Empress Frederick of Germany.

Those who were present in Whippingham Church on February 5, last year, will never forget the unparalleled floral embellishments that seemed, as it were, determined to blot out, if only for one brief hour, all ideas of frail and perishable humanity. Never before, perhaps, had so many beautiful flowers been brought together in so limited a space, most of them being white, but here and there were scarlet ones as befitting a soldier's grave. Above the altar, encircling the pillars, entwined around the candelabra, hiding the window-sills, and banding the very walls, were buds and blossoms in profusion. Banks of green moss and foliage plants threw up into strong relief, glorious azaleas and delicate lilies-of-the-valley. In the body of the church the air was heavy enough with their scent, but up in the organ loft, where Sir Walter Parratt presided, and whence a wonderful *coup d'œil* could be obtained, the atmosphere was positively overpowering.

Before quitting the subject of Whippingham, it is interesting to recall the fact that in this parish was born the famous Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, greatest of schoolmasters and one of the noblest of men.

Almost the earliest constitutional act of the queen, at her first Council, was to take and to sign the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland. But not content with a mere formal observance of this solemn declaration, her Majesty has consistently, when in Scotland, upheld by her presence and patronage the national establishment of that country. With a natural disinclination towards more than a very moderate form of ritual—a feeling no doubt fostered by the late prince consort's predilection for the Lutheran Church—the queen is there able practically to evince her appreciation of that simple and rational form of worship, familiarly known as Presbyterian. Though her Majesty usually worships in the private chapel at Balmoral, where one of her chaplains or other clergyman of the Church of Scotland officiates, she sometimes attends the church at Crathie, in which she takes great interest, and where the outward mode of worshipping is that still prevalent in most parish churches in Scotland, and resembles—with some minor differences—that at St. Columba's Church of Scotland in Pont Street. At Crathie the old attitude is still maintained; that is to say, the congregation sit during singing of hymn or psalm, and stand while prayer is being offered up—a practice very general in most of the Reformed Churches on the Continent.

Of late years, the rheumatic affection from which her Majesty suffers has rendered it necessary for her to remain seated throughout the service.

When the new church at Crathie was built, it was suggested that certain changes in the order of service, so freely introduced in the Lowlands, should also come into force there, but the queen deemed it better to make no alteration, partly no doubt because she herself preferred the old usages, but chiefly because she thought such innovations

would not be acceptable to the humble people about her, who had been so long accustomed to the old ways.

At the foot of Craig Ghule—a barren slope not far from the castle—there had stood for eighty-nine years an unpretentious building in which the parishioners of Crathie worshipped; and where, for nearly fifty years, the queen, and those near and dear to her, had joined with the lowliest of her subjects in partaking of the Lord's Supper on Communion Sundays. But a time came when more accommodation was required, and on September 11, 1893, the foundation-stone of the new Crathie church was laid by her Majesty on the site of the old one, and in her presence, the building was, on June 18, 1895, solemnly dedicated to God.

Nestling at the foot of a hill, upon a plateau some nine hundred feet above the sea-level on the north side of the river Dee, this church, built of a beautiful light grey granite, and of Gothic architecture of an early Scottish character, possesses considerable beauties, though of a somewhat substantial nature. Its general plan is that of a cross with a massive central tower. The south transept is set apart for the queen and her household, and her Majesty sits in the middle of the front row, in a richly upholstered oaken seat adorned with the royal arms. She is thus in full view of the congregation, who occupy the nave.

At one corner of the apse, wherein stands the plain table representing the ornate altar of an Anglican church, partly encircled by the seats set apart for the elders, is the splendid pulpit presented by the royal household. At the approach to the apse, is the granite font given by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

As many of my readers may not be familiar with the ritual of the Presbyterian Church, a description of the dedication service at Crathie, fairly representative of the usual services in which the queen joins when in the Highlands, may not inappropriately bring this article to a close.

First of all was sung the "Old Hun-

dreth Psalm," accompanied by the fine organ. The Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees then offered up a dedicatory prayer, followed by reading of a lesson from the Old Testament; a hymn from the Scottish Hymnal, beautifully rendered; a lesson from the New Testament; another hymn; and a prayer of intercession concluding with the Lord's Prayer. Then came the sermon, which was succeeded by a prayer, and the singing of the well-known paraphrase, commencing:—

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed.

A collection was then made by the elders, Dr. Profeit, the queen's commissioner, receiving her Majesty's offering first. Finally, the impressive benediction was pronounced in patriarchal manner by the minister with uplifted hands, the congregation reverently standing.

On this occasion the preacher was the Right Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, who gave a most eloquent discourse concluding with these words:—

"To-day, the lineal descendant and representative of our ancient Scottish monarchs, the most revered of sovereigns, follows the example of bygone times, and is with us here as we dedicate this church to God. It is a story which will be told by generations yet unborn, how she who had loved our Highlands and their traditions, had added to the dignity of her high office the beauty of kindest interest in every homestead scattered among these grand hills and glens; how she had shared in the joys and sorrows of those around her, and ministered to their well-being; how she, with those dearest to her, had year after year joined in the simple rites in which her people loved to worship God; and how with her own hands she had laid the foundation, and had by her presence graced the dedication of this church. We thank God for it all."

ARTHUR H. BEAVAN.

From Knowledge.

ANIMAL LIFE IN ARCTIC REGIONS.

On first thought it seems wonderful that there should be any life in regions near the North Pole; still more so that there should be large mammals living there, able to find food sufficient even in winter, when the thermometer sometimes sinks 90° below the freezing point. But the cold is not the only evil that they have to contend against. In the latitude in which Sir George Nares's expedition wintered, four hundred and fifty-three miles from the Pole, for one hundred and forty days the sun does not appear above the horizon—from October 13th to March 1st. It is true that they were not entirely without sunlight. On November 30th, at noon, the sky was so clear that the stars were hardly visible. On December 22nd there was an indistinct greenish tint at noon. On December 31st there was an increase in the duration and intensity of the twilight. On February 1st they were able to take considerable walks, and by the middle of February, a fortnight before the reappearance of the sun, to go out shooting. It must be added that the moon shines very brightly in the clear air of the North, but, unfortunately, from November 19th till New Year's Day there is no moon. For more than forty days, therefore, there is nothing but starlight and a glimmer of sunlight at noon.

Among the living things that inhabit the Polar regions are not a few plants. Plants there must be if there is to be animal life, for animals cannot live on inorganic food. It is only that which gives plants their green color, the chlorophyll, that can by a chemical process convert the radiant energy of sunlight into potential energy. And thus animals depend for their existence, directly or indirectly, on vegetables. Among the plants that thrive in these regions of great cold are a small saxifrage (*Saxifraga oppositifolia*)—a low-growing plant with a handsome purple flower—dwarf willows a few inches high, dwarf birches, and the lichen called reindeer moss. These are, perhaps, the most important food

plants, but there are many others that sometimes make a patch of ground gay in summer, such as the dwarf wall-flower (*Cheiranthus pygmaeus*) and the yellow poppy.

Dependent for life directly upon vegetables are the hares, the lemming, the musk ox, the reindeer. Those that prey upon these vegetable feeders are the ermine, the Arctic fox, and the wolf. There are, besides these, some that depend on the sea for their food—the seal, a fish-eater; the Polar bear, that lives on seals, and in default of seals on vegetable food; and the walrus, whose food consists of molluscs, etc. The lemming is a small rodent, its length about five inches, its ordinary color a yellowish brown; but during the Arctic winter, Colonel Feilden found that this turned to a greyish white. Its food is grass, *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, reindeer moss, and so forth. It makes galleries in the snow, and, apparently, the plants that it finds as it burrows are sufficient food for it. The Arctic hare in the extreme North is—at any rate, in many cases—white, not only in winter but the whole year round. It, too, feeds on the minute saxifrage mentioned above.

The musk ox has long dark-brown hair, with a fine yellow fur beneath. It is about the size of an ox of the Scotch breed, but in appearance is more like a long-haired sheep. Its teeth, too, resemble those of the sheep. Like sheep, too, the musk oxen form square to defend themselves when molested by dogs or hunters. Their chief food is the dwarf willow, and on this diet they manage to accumulate an enormous amount of fat in summer. In winter this becomes reduced, as we might expect. Besides man and the climate they have only one enemy, the wolf. They are found as far north as lat. 83°, and as far south as lat. 60°. The reindeer is familiar to every one. It browses on the dwarf birch, on bilberry and crowberry bushes; in winter time on reindeer moss, in autumn on seaweed. Brehm maintains that under stress of circumstances it will eat lemmings—not an impossibility, certainly, as red

deer in Scotland have in hard winters been known to eat rabbits.

We come now to the carnivores. The Arctic fox preys upon lemmings all the year round, and in the summer on birds. But sometimes he is found on islands where lemmings and all the smaller mammals are wanting. What, then, is there for him to live upon? He picks up dead seals, fish, molluscs, and crustaceans, and hopes for the return of the birds with the springtime. And some authorities believe that he stores food for the winter.

The ermine is only a stoat whose coat has turned white with the coming of the snowtime. The process of change is this: the hairs that come at the time of the transformation are white, those already grown become blanched. And it has been found that cold alone will not produce the change, but that it comes with the snow, thus showing that natural selection has given to the northern stoat this wonderful means of protection. The Arctic hare, the Arctic fox, and to some extent the lemming in Arctic regions, change their dress to match the snow.

Of all these Arctic animals none hibernate, with the possible exception of the Polar bear. The marmot, it is true, sleeps through the winter; but though it is found well within the Arctic Circle in Russia, yet it is not one of those that range very near the Pole.

I have said little about the birds that in summer fly to the far North, and find countless bilberries and crowberries that have been preserved for them by the cold of the Arctic winter. Their habits are generally known. But this cannot be said of the fish that Baron Nordenskiöld found in early spring in a lagoon in which the water had been frozen solid all the winter, and which had no outlet to the sea. How had they worn through the Arctic winter? At Cape Hayes, lat. 76°, where the average temperature is four degrees below zero, and where snow falls in the height of summer, Colonel Feilden found a butterfly. In this icy climate how had it developed to the imago state?

There are problems about life in

Arctic regions that are far from being settled yet. And much that we do know is full of wonder.

F. W. HEADLEY.

From The Speaker.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

The Blue Book which has been laid before Parliament enables us to estimate, with some rough approach to accuracy, what amount of distress must certainly exist in India during the coming months, even if by bountiful future rains the empire is saved from a calamity which is too horrible to contemplate. The existing facts are terrible: the possibilities are awful beyond words. The famine areas comprise one hundred and sixty-four thousand square miles, and contain nearly forty millions of people, or, roughly, a population as great as that of the United Kingdom. A further area containing nearly forty-four million, five hundred thousand will be on the verge of famine. In the North-West Provinces alone thirty-seven million are famine-stricken or distressed, and in the Central Provinces nine million. In both cases the suffering will be increased because a succession of previous bad harvests have depleted the stores of food and increased the indebtedness of the ryots. In a large district of the North-West famine works were necessary nearly a year ago, and, though the recorded deaths from starvation have been few, a large increase in the death-rate suggests that many more succumbed from privation. Thus the distressed area is larger than in any previous famine. As the government of India telegraphed last October, in their somewhat pedantic way, the "effect of railways apparently will be to diffuse distress, making it more general but less intense." Even beyond the area scheduled as distressed, there must be great suffering among the landless classes owing to the high price of grain, which has been exported to the places where the crops

have failed. It will be a hard year all over India, and a year of famine, or of something little removed from famine, among about one-fourth of the enormous population of our Indian Empire.

The two questions which at once press for consideration are whether sufficient grain can be got, and whether the people can be supplied with money to buy it. On the first point the official estimates are hopeful. It is believed that the good crops in southern India and in parts of Burmah will, with the addition of rice from Siam, be sufficient to bring the yield of northern India up to the bare subsistence requirements of the people. But even as to this the government of Bengal does not appear to be very sanguine. In 1873-4 the government themselves imported grain. Since then it has been laid down as a rule of policy that the extension of railways would render such a course unnecessary in future famines, and that there is to be no interference with private trade in grain. District-commissioners who prohibited the movement of grain have been promptly brought to book. Even where the dealers have been clearly "gambling in futures," no influence stronger than persuasion has been brought to bear on them. With the general wisdom of this policy Englishmen will scarcely quarrel. Any interference with the internal trade in grain would probably do more harm than good; but it is not quite clear that some measures may not be required to facilitate importation in addition to the reduction of railway rates which has been decreed by government. Though Indian prices have risen enormously, they are not yet high enough to attract imports of wheat from beyond Asia in the present state of the grain market. The average Indian price is still about ten seers per rupee, or well under a penny a pound. Cargoes of Californian wheat have been landed at Calcutta at five rupees per maund, which, even allowing for superior quality, is above the Indian price. Thus no large importation of wheat can be expected

in natural course unless the Indian price reaches a point which would involve famine over the greater part of the peninsula. The prospects of rice importation are better, and large consignments are expected from both Burmah and Siam. But it remains to be seen whether government may not find it necessary to purchase wheat and maize at American prices and sell it at present Indian prices at Indian ports, lest there should be such a further rise of Indian prices that no conceivable relief works can be of any avail. To allow Indian prices to rise to the American or European level would mean inevitable starvation to millions.

At present, however, all the resources of the Civil Service are being strained to cope with the second requisite and to provide relief works for those who have no means to buy grain, cheap or dear. It is clear that much intelligent and earnest effort, based on the experience of past years, has been applied to the solution of this problem. Larger works are under the control of the Public Works department. Earth-works for railways are being made, even where time must elapse before they are completed, but it is pointed out that only about one-fifth of the cost of a railway can be expended on unskilled labor, and for this reason irrigation canals, roads, and water tanks are more generally preferred as relief works. The smaller works are directed by the district-commissioners, generally in concert with landowners, and it is comforting to learn that the landowners are giving honest and economical assistance, such as Irish landowners too frequently failed to give in 1847. Loans are also made at easy rates for village improvements. The forests have been opened both for grazing purposes and to furnish those rude means of subsistence which are sufficient for aboriginal tribes. Everything is systematized, and the most minute instructions have been furnished to the English and Indian officials. A picture in miniature of the work to be done is furnished by the

report of Sir Antony Macdonnell on the relief operations in Bundelkhand during the spring and summer of 1896, when about five hundred miles of road were constructed, and eight hundred village tanks and wells excavated. The total cost was eleven lakhs of rupees, and this works out at about one-seventeenth of a rupee per person per day relieved. Doubtless, now that prices have risen, the cost this year will also rise; but the poverty of India, and the small demands of her suffering units, may be brought home to the English mind when it is shown that less than one penny per day per person sufficed to keep the people alive and to pay for the tools required in the work. Even at this rate the government of India is now spending a lakh every day, and the daily bill must rise to at least four or five lakhs during the spring.

The government of India believe that they will be able to meet this expense out of their own resources. It is one of their primary duties. The crisis is one which every Eastern administrator must be prepared to face. Whether during past years resources which ought to have been husbanded for such an emergency have not been frittered away on objects of military ambition is one question—and on that matter, as our readers know, we hold a strong opinion. But this is not the time for recriminations. The members of the Council must now be too bitterly conscious of the extent to which the power of famine relief has been crippled by frontier adventure. At present every Englishman must rather watch with admiration the efforts of the Competition-wallah—not less heroic because he wears no uniform and has little hope of being decorated—to fight a foe much more near and real than any that can ever issue from the Pamirs. The duty of the charitable at home is to supplement their work in matters which the political economy of Simla declares to be outside the duties of government. The field pointed out for private action is wide enough.

